JOHN BULL, MAY 18, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1770

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63/18/5

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 18, 1940, 93, Long Acre. W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HIS GREATEST MISTAKE

IF Adolf Hitler pressed the button that launched his murderous mechanised columns on the Low Countries in the hope of keeping Britain from finding another War Cabinet more capable of rubbing his nose in the dust, he was never more mistaken in his life.

Even though he went so far as to remind us over the Haw-Haw Radio that swopping horses in mid-stream was a risky business, he didn't stand a chance.

And the invasion of Holland and Belgium was all that this country needed to lift it from dangerous wishful thinking that might have become apathy.

Adolf has blundered into real trouble.

Warriors At Last

This is well demonstrated even in small ways.

So far, country people have accepted the war. They have looked on it as a necessary evil; they have not been terribly enthusiastic. With a maddening calmness they have ploughed more ground, agreed to restrictions, welcomed evacuees and troops, done all that was asked of them. But they have shown no vital eagerness.

A few days of war in Flanders changed rural non-belligerents into determined warriors.

In a week many hamlets had organised systems of signals, had rounded up all the local men with guns, had even prepared trenches—to deal with parachute troops.

For them the war had started, and this is but a small illustration of the great transformation created by the last few days of war.

A Fine Move

Whatever Hitler thought about swopping horses in mid-stream, we did it.

With due respect to Mr. Chamberlain, we can't help but feel jubilant at the appointment of Mr. Churchill, whose dynamic, hard-hitting tactics were certainly needed in a war on gangsters.

His immediate decision to reduce the War Cabinet from eight to five seemed a fitting start to a régime that is likely to keep Hitler in a constant state of jitters.

No longer will our warriors have to hone their swords and talk darkly of the Huns at the gate.

They'll go out and get them.

Blundered Again

Attacking a country that was handicapped by treachery, Hitler may have felt pleased by his early Norwegian adventure.

He may have expected much the same in Holland and Belgium.

Probably he thought that his attack would either keep Mr. Chamberlain in power, which would have been to his advantage, or take us off our guard when he thought we would be busy sorting out a political controversy.

But, as we have said, he has made his biggest blunder.

Flame Ignited

This further adventure in aggression was all that Britain needed to ignite that smouldering passion of resentment that has been felt against his barbarism.

Hitler has tried to avoid making us angry, knowing full well that once we started fighting with that traditional merciless determination that has crushed so many empires in the past he wouldn't stand an earthly.

Poor psychologist that he is, his Low Countries Blitzkrieg has done just what he wanted to avoid.

Now, at last, General Gamelin has his chance.

Do not expect him to achieve miracles. Be sure that the coming summer will try our steadfastness.

But "total war" means an earlier end to the war. Hitler has placed himself where we can get to grips with him. It will not be our muscles that will snap.

Hitler's Headaches

He wanted Mr. Chamberlain's policy to continue after losing the public's confidence, so that distrust would split our ranks.

But he had his first nasty shock when Plan N7 miscarried.

Found in the house of an arrested Dutch Nazi, it revealed a scheme for a local uprising that would presumably have been accompanied by German invasion.

Even after the arrest of Dutch Nazis, Hitler's Fifth Column in Holland tried to stage a putsch near the frontier. It was immediately suppressed.

We're Ready

And the hard fighting in the Netherlands will not make us less vigilant elsewhere.

We are prepared for any swift move in the Balkans that might well encourage Italy, Hungary and Bulgaria to enter the war on the wrong side.

We are prepared to meet over our own country the airmen who have been bombing Europe's cities with typical Nazi savagery. And we are ready to return raid for raid.

America's Reaction

No picture of the war's future is complete without reference to help from the United States.

All-important developments in that assistance are likely before the year is out. Even Isolationists are now urging open participation in the struggle.

Argentina may even propose that the Pan-American nations become "non-belligerent" instead of neutral, a course at which President Roosevelt pointed when he addressed the Pan-American Scientific Congress.

JOHN BULL will say no more on this subject, believing that we can best help ourselves by letting Americans choose for themselves.

His Crazy Idea

Hitler's crazy idea of invading Britain itself has led to closer watching of our coasts, extra guards at airports to prevent Nazi troop carriers landing and taking us by surprise.

Not before time.

The more desperate the scheme, the more likely that it will appeal to a gambler who desperately banks on a quick success.

Hopeless Task

Part of his invasion scheme would be the landing of shock troops and saboteurs by parachute on lonely moors or fenland.

Finland and Norway have shown that this technique is hardly worth while because so many of the men break their legs, Holland shows they can quickly be rounded up.

Their task would be almost hopeless in such a country as Britain.

Fifth Column Danger

Bigger danger comes from possible Fifth Columnists here. Although there's no need for panicky measures by Home Secretary Sir John Anderson, it is doubtful whether he is vigilant enough.

A waiter whose father was German-born was recently dismissed by a London hotel because of his Nazi propaganda.

He is now serving, we are informed, with the A.F.S. in a London suburb!

Anti-British Warden

A German tradesman in a Yorkshire town was anti-British even in the last war, and his daughter, married to a Nazi officer, has now been interned.

Yet this man is chief A.R.P. warden of a certain district.

His son is also a warden.

Thyssen's Letters

Safe in Switzerland, multi-millionaire Fritz Thyssen continues to publish letters attacking Hitler and Goering, his old cronies

Are they worth the attention given to them in Britain?

Thyssen's money made Hitlerism possible, is responsible for the Allies' loss of men and materials each day.

The fact that he is not a renegade—for he still remains faithful to Nazism—is hardly a reason for congratulating him.

Lesson of Norway

More important is that the Norway failure has made the Air Ministry realise the value of long-range fighter aircraft.

An excellent model has been in small-scale production for some time. Output is now to be speeded up.

But this development is not likely to save High Command officers from censure that may lose them their jobs.

Every Reason

Save for Victory scheme is also expanding rapidly, thanks to a bloodless victory won by the T.U.C.

It has been promised that workers' war savings will not be taken into account if the savers ever have to apply for public assistance.

Employers pledge that they will not be used as an argument against wage increases.

So workers can—and should—save to better both Britain and themselves.

(Continued overleaf.)

Berlin-Soviet Pact Fails

TO GOERING, hater of Ribbentrop's pro-Russian policy, Yugoslavia's sudden friendship for Stalin is the last straw. Berlin believes the Soviet-Nazi Pact will soon be torn up.

Behind the merciless new round-up of French Reds is discovery that they have been smuggling arms from abroad.

Sir Kingsley Wood will float new War Loan in a week or two; rate of interest will probably be only 2½ per cent.

Royal Proclamation will be followed by deletion of several trades from the Reserved Occupation list.

Fifth Column agents unmasked in Malta planned to invite Mussolini's "protection" of this British naval base.

New German Bible, printing of which by Hitler's firm will bring him more cash, gives the birthplace of Christ as Galilee. Bethlehem was considered by Nazi blasphemers to have too many Jewish associations.

Three thousand Nazi factories have closed in past six weeks through shortage of materials, increase Hitler's determination to end the war before our blockade cripples him

Hitler's bodyguard of S.S. men now totals 24,000 Gestapo threatens severe penalties to people who publicly discuss his movements

Enquiries reveal that Quisling, the Norwegian traitor, was last seen being carried on a stretcher from Nazi H.Q. in Oslo to an aeroplane bound for Germany!

IN TROUBLE? IN DOUBT?

Whatever it is, except a medical matter, write to "John Bull" Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All it costs is a stamped addressed envelope.

● Goering's Scientists Wrestling With Dynamic New Mystery Chemical
● Gestapo Fails in Effort to Hide Polish Atrocity Stories from the World
● William the Conqueror Helped to Establish Record Welsh A.R.P. Shelter
● Civil Servant Denied Pension after Twenty-eight Years on "Temporary Staff"

(Continued from preceding page)

Man-mountain Goering has ordered scientists to drop all other research work and concentrate on U-235, a substance just discovered by exiled German physicists.

One pound of it is said to equal 5,000,000 lb. of coal; 5 lb. would drive a battleship round the world without refuelling.

But Goering will probably be unlucky.

Doubtful whether more than a millionth part of a pound will be available during the next year!

Bomb-proof

Certainly his over-praised air force will never succeed in bombing the Allies into craven surrender.

Britain's bomb-proof A.R.P. system will contribute largely, though passively, to the Nazis' eventual defeat.

And most A.R.P. workers support JOHN BULL's argument that it should be a voluntary service.

Supporters writing from a Nuneaton post tell us incidentally that each warden places a penny in a box when going on duty, the funds being used for social affairs and charity.

So far, £5 has been given to provide cigarettes for the troops, which says a lot for the spirit at Nuneaton H23 post.

Too Much for Adolf

Cardiff claims two A.R.P. records.

Its payroll is the smallest of any big city and it has the biggest shelter in the country.

Only 1 per cent. of its 4,000 wardens are paid: its shelter is Cardiff Castle, with walls 10 ft. thick, built by William the Conqueror.

Safe wager that Adolf won't conquer it.

They Can't Help

There are still a few flaws in A.R.P.

A Hackney reader saw a little boy fall from some railings and break his head. He stopped an ambulance staffed by tin-hatted A.R.P. men.

"Take him into the park and try to find a keeper," advised the ambulance squad. "We don't carry first-aid equipment."

Beyond First Aid

Ministry of Health officials are beyond first aid. They obviously need hospital treatment for their sleeping sickness.

Week by week for months, JOHN BULL has told you how they have held up applications for old-age pensions for eight or nine months, even a year.

This week we report two further cases.

Mrs. Morris, of Tooting, applied last September; has not yet been given a decision.

Mrs. Shelton, of Fulham, applied last December. Four months have been spent on enquiring into her birth-date.

M.P.s, Please Note

We have raised the matter with the Controller, in vain.

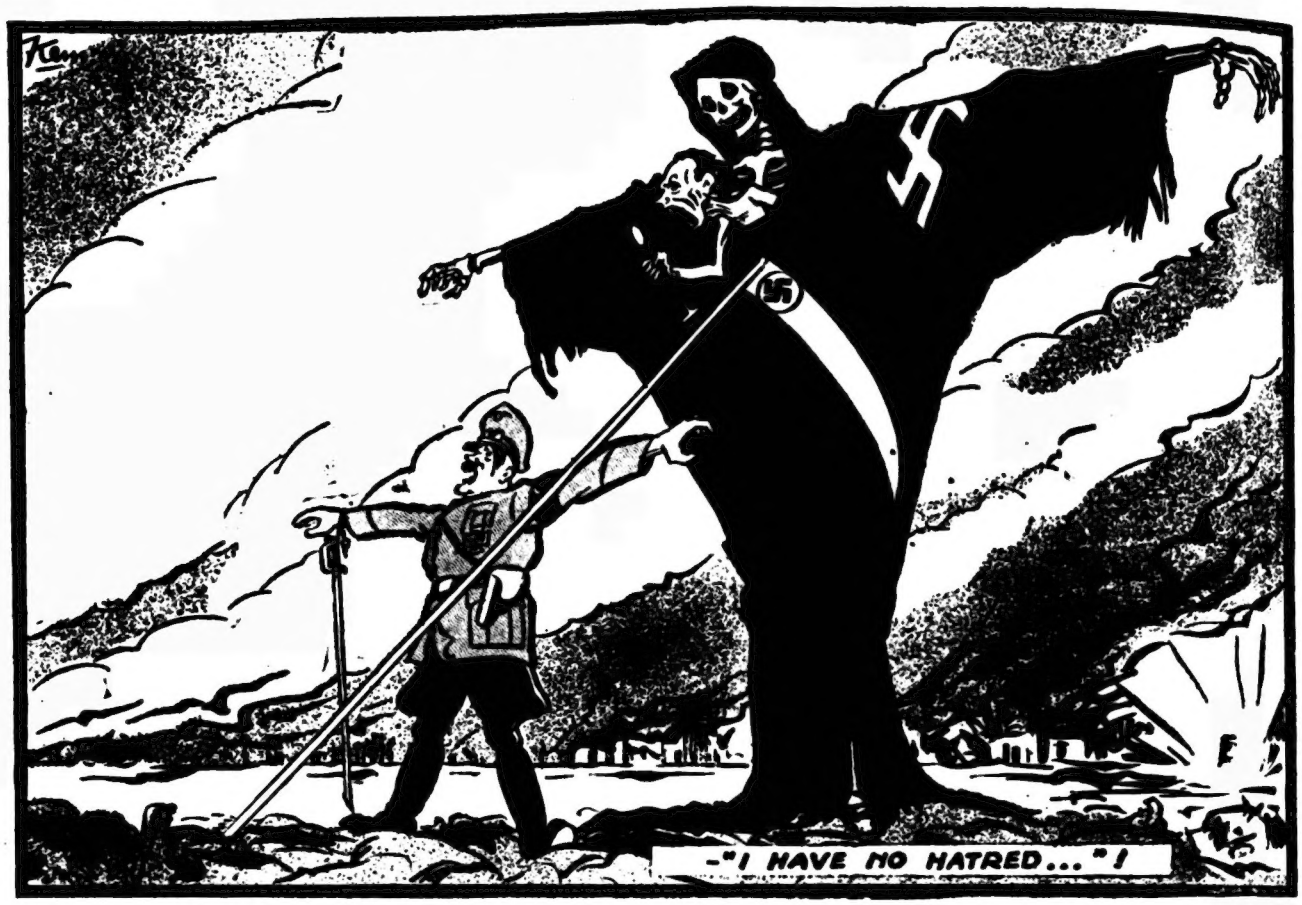
We have reported him to Sir George Chrystal, the Ministry's secretary, and received only excuses.

Now the scandal should be exposed in the House of Commons and the Minister himself indicted.

Church Parades

War Office should note that some officers are defeating fair instructions concerning church parades.

Men who decline to attend have to march to church and wait outside during the service.



A.T.S. women are told that their commanding officer "expects to see them at church parade."

It is admitted that women who disobey this implied order might be passed over for promotion.

Fighting Welsh

Much has been heard about conscientious objectors in Wales. Yet more than 165,000 Welshmen are in the Forces, excluding those called up in the twenty-six and twenty-seven age groups.

Only 77,000 have been compulsorily called up; rest are Reservists, volunteers and "Terriers."

The proportion of Welshmen in the Forces was probably higher than that of any other part of Britain in 1914-18.

It will be so in this war.

If You are Sorry . . .

Still less known is the fine work of Newfoundland's war contingent. Seven thousand men from that colony will soon be here to help the Old Country.

Thousands are joining the Navy, others are in the artillery or Air Force, 2,150 lumberjacks are here on equally vital work.

When they are sick or wounded they find themselves friendless. They can hardly afford the price of a film show.

If you feel, as JOHN BULL does, that they deserve British hospitality, send cash or a cheque to the Trade Commissioner for Newfoundland, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

There's No Excuse

Living costs make it all the more urgent for Mr. Ramsbotham, President of the Board of Education, to study the plight of uncertificated teachers.

In many areas they do the same work as teachers holding the prized certificate. But in one grade men get £132 to £174 a year less than certificate-holders; in another, as much as £216 a year less; women are penalised by £2 or £3 a week.

Some disparity can be excused.

But not that much!

There's No Reform

Consider another disgraceful anomaly. Two thousand Civil Servants have given long service, but are not eligible to pension on retirement, being ranked as "temporary staff."

One man has been employed for twenty-eight years as a "temporary."

There have been Parliamentary committees and a Royal Commission on the subject—but no reform.

From Oil to Films

Doff your hat to Mr. Beddington, appointed film chief at the Ministry of Misinformation probably because he isn't a film expert but knows a lot about oil.

Anyhow, Mr. Beddington has started well by releasing a propaganda film called "Squadron 992."

Point is that this film is one of five made during the last nine months. Only one has been shown; "Squadron 992" was rushed through to help recruiting for the Balloon Barrage, then hidden away on the shelves for months.

No doubt the one dealing with the 2,000,000-extra-acres campaign will be released next, that campaign having ended.

Air Line Extension

No sarcasm should dilute our congratulations on the extension of the air line from Australia to New Zealand, a non-stop hop of more than 1,200 miles.

Suspension of our civil air services has helped to lower our prestige.

We can impress the world by showing that not even war can hinder our peace time achievements.

He Must Wonder

Nazi achievements, noted abroad, are not the kind Hitler is eager to boost.

Despite Gestapo, details continue to leak out of Polish atrocities, especially those in the notorious Fort Seven, in Poznan.

There prisoners have been beaten unconscious, revived by cold water, beaten again till their bones were broken, or ordered to run down the corridors like hares while the warders acted as "hunters" and shot them down.

Releasing the brutality of the worst elements in Germany, Hitler must sometimes wonder whether it will not eventually shed his own blood.

Right Treatment

Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., outlines another fate for him.

He suggests that the Fuehrer should be offered free psychological treatment by the Tavistock Clinic.

Specialists on its staff like the idea, but think that as Hitler is no longer a borderline case he would be better looked after "in another place."

AIR RAID WARNING!

£200 FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE for every reader

AIR raids on open towns and defenceless civilians have begun! England has been bombed! The deadly menace that has long threatened this country is at last let loose. All A.R.P. Services are standing by day and night. Every man and woman must be prepared.

"John Bull" offers to every reader a £200 Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits. For the sake of your dependants you cannot afford to neglect this measure of protection.

Registration forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "JOHN BULL'S" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

People clamour for more energetic leadership. They don't mind who leads them, provided they get leadership that leads to victory

OFF WITH THE GLOVES!

THE country's sole *necessity* to-day is the destruction of "Hitlerism," the decisive defeat of the gang that is now waging war on half Europe and will, if undefeated, terrorise the world.

And it is no "gentleman's war."

We are fighting brutes who glory in their brutality.

Field-Marshal Goering told Sir Nevile Henderson long ago that we British had become "de-brutalised."

It was a brutish taunt, but it held the sting of truth because we did not at that time realise and admit the formidable and loathsome brutality of our adversaries.

NOW WE *KNOW* THAT THEY WILL STICK AT NOTHING.

WE *KNOW* THE WICKED STRENGTH OF THEIR CRIMINAL ORGANISATION.

HOLLAND, BELGIUM AND NORWAY HAVE TAUGHT US THAT THE NAZIS ARE FIGHTING WITH KNUCKLE-DUSTERS AND IRON-SHOD BOOTS.

WE HAVE TAKEN OFF THE GLOVES. WE ARE FIGHTING BACK AT LAST.

BUT WE MUST BE BOLDER STILL IN USING OUR ARMED STRENGTH, MORE RUTHLESS WITH THE ENEMIES AND CRANKS IN OUR OWN CAMP.

Whoever they may be, our leaders of to-day or to-morrow must give us a real lead instead of mealy-mouthed utterances about what *the people* are expected to do.

There is nothing wrong with the people of this country.

They have not yet failed to do anything that has been asked of them.

They have shouldered unparalleled taxation without a serious grumble.

They have cheerfully lent more of their savings than any politician dared to expect.

RATIONING (with all its glaring anomalies) has been accepted in a tolerant spirit of co-operation.

THEY HAVE WORKED WITH A WILL, EVEN SACRIFICING SOME OF THEIR MOST CHERISHED AND HARD-WON PRIVILEGES, TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION.

Given a strong and courageous lead, they will redouble their efforts and accept *any* sacrifices necessary to victory.

*

JOHN BULL urges the Government not to underrate the superb willingness and almost limitless capacity of our own civilian population.

But it must be led.

It must be told what to do and told in the clearest terms.

First of all, our leaders have to put nearly a million unemployed back to work.

We cannot believe that they are "all out" for victory until this has been done.

We cannot understand a shortage of labour on the land while we can still see knots of dispirited workers standing at the street corners and waiting for "the dole."

JOHN BULL emphatically rejects the lame excuse that agricultural workers can't be obtained in time of war because their wages are too low!

IF MEN ARE NEEDED, WE *MUST* HAVE THEM AND WE MUST *BUY* THEM BACK TO THE LAND UNLESS AND UNTIL THE ENTIRE NATION IS CONSCRIPTED, AND EACH INDIVIDUAL TO HIS ALLOTTED TASK.

*

The Government that hopes to command public confidence has *got* to end every scandal of slack administration and private greed.

It must deal immediately and effectively with the camp-building shirkers—those wage-earning "profiteers" whose contemptible "lead-swinging" is exposed to-day in one of our special articles. (See page .)

It *must* organise the nation's entire industry to obtain maximum output of aeroplanes and munitions.

We are sick of vague reassurances and meaningless talk of the air strength now "accruing to us." We don't expect actual production figures, but we *demand* the positive assurance of output and purchase totals far bigger than Germany's utmost capacity.

We expect our leaders to put into immediate operation the new powers for dealing with Fifth Column activity.

VARIOUS peace cranks, who are doing their stupid utmost to impede our war effort, must be controlled. Our leaders must be resolute both with the Fascists and the Communists.

And we hold that even the conscientious objectors, rightly freed from combatant service, ought to be compelled to do work of some kind *at the same pay as the fighting men.*

*

JOHN BULL demands a Ministry of Supply, no matter who controls it, that will get things done. The present Ministry with its huge staff has been costing the country about a million a year.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Rub Your Eyes

MOST of us are only half awake most of the time. You can tell that by the days when you are so fully awake you can tackle twice your normal amount of work with about half the usual expenditure of effort.

There are days when you feel on the top of your form; when you are so alive to your surroundings that you can tackle anything and get away with it. You never did feel as fit.

We all know such days.

And it is those days when we are living at our best.

We begin to realise what powers and energies really lie within us, and of what we should be capable if we lived up to our limits instead of well within them.

"Most of us are impeded," wrote a scientist, "and our brakes are too firmly set. We rarely let ourselves go: it takes an unusual emotion, excitement or danger, to release completely the brakes of our energy.

"We lack, or cannot supply, the proper stimulation. We work like dull drudges, when we should work like inspired artists.

"Those who by training or favourable constitution command those reservoirs of potential force are heroes of energy, experts, or as the term goes, virtuosi."

Well, no one can stop you being energetic except yourself.

Nobody can prevent your being interested in things, being determined on achieving things, being honest and careful and conscientious, bent on doing your best all the time.

We don't realise that we have all the necessary energy to do anything.

We ooze along on half throttle because we are not interested enough in what we plan to do.

The only way to do anything successfully is to set about it, and not let up till it's done. Half the failures in the world are due to people not realising that.

In action again, our troops must be backed by a crack-proof Home Front

But a million is a small price to pay for efficiency: an abominably high one for muddle, blunder and waste.

We have been muddling, through this Ministry and through others, for more than eight months.

We have been talking for eight months; allowing Hitler to take the initiative for eight months; making excuses for eight months.

Now we are in action. Never again must we pause until final victory is ours!

*

TOGETHER THE BRITISH AND THE FRENCH CAN ORGANISE THE FINEST FIGHTING SERVICES IN THE WORLD; TOGETHER THEY CAN ACHIEVE A MATCHLESS PRODUCTION OUTPUT.

BRITISH FIGHTING MEN ARE SECOND TO NONE.

THE BOYS OF THIS WAR ARE LIVING UP TO THE GLORIOUS TRADITION OF THEIR FATHERS IN THE LAST ONE.

JOHN BULL despises the man who could read without a thrill of pride how British youngsters, inexperienced and facing fearful odds, acquitted themselves in Norway not only in attack but also in retreat. And that is the final test of valour and endurance.

Now the fierce fighting in the Low Countries is giving fresh proof of Mr. Chamberlain's claim that "man for man" our troops are better than the enemy's.

IT has always been so, and *we* are certain that the British masses behind the fighting men are of the same tough stuff and capable of equal courage and equal endurance.

We shall beat the Germans.

You believe that. JOHN BULL has always been certain of it, and nobody in Britain or France doubts that the might of our two Empires will ultimately overwhelm the slavish millions of the Reich.

Our pilots, fighting usually in unequal combat, have beaten the Huns every time.

Our Navy has swept the U-boats from the seas and destroyed nearly half of Hitler's fleet.

Our Army increases month by month to formidable dimensions, and "the unmobilised soldiers" who serve in our great munition factories are unmatched in skill and efficiency.

*

We shall win the war.

All that we need is leadership as resolute as the spirit of the people itself.

We don't ask to be "let off" anything. We want to *give* all we've got.

We want to finish this fight with the gloves off and to carry this fearful, decisive, necessary war—at all costs—into the enemy's country.

WE MUST SPARE HIM NOTHING. WE MUST NOT HESITATE TO USE EVERY OUNCE OF OUR STRENGTH TO WIN THIS WAR QUICKLY.

HITLER WANTS THE WAR OVER THIS YEAR. IF WE ARE BOLD WE CAN MAKE HIS WISH COME TRUE—BUT WITH HIMSELF IN THE DUST AND HIS PEOPLE DEFEATED.

WE CAN DO IT. WE *MUST* DO IT. AND WE SHALL!

EPICS OF THE R.A.F.

Hitler Was at This Boy Pilot's Mercy!

STUART MARTIN

in his living saga of our sky conquerors, tells of thrills even on leaflet raids and of a bomber that swooped low over Hitler's Chancellery

TWO R.A.F. pilots, clad in flying kit, walked across the flying field towards the hangars.

"Where you going to-night, Bill?" asked one.

"Frisian Islands and Norwegian fiords, Fred," was the answer. "Where you off to?"

"Touring Germany's big cities. Leaflets again. And calling at the Maginct Line on the way out for empties."

"When are you scheduled back, Bill?"

"Two fifteen to-morrow morning."

"So am I. Meet you over the green flares."

"If you are on time, Bill. But you're always late."

They grinned and parted.

Five minutes later Bill's aircraft taxied out. He was away.

Fast on his tail, Fred's machine flew into the gathering dusk, one of a flight that had loads of leaflets to deliver.

The most surprising thing about the whole efficient R.A.F. organisation is the lightheartedness with which these wonderful young men undertake journeys far into enemy territory.

They fly over Europe with no more concern than you would have about going to Brighton. They joke as though they had the "cushiest" jobs in the world. You can't depress the R.A.F.

They laugh in the face of Death.

To one pilot, in whom I have the best of reasons for taking a personal interest, I mentioned the risk of a flight from which he had not many chances of returning.

"Well, what about it?" he replied, smiling. "If I go down the R.A.F. will carry on. Don't you worry."

Unofficially they execute their own little "sideslips." When Fred mentioned that he was calling at the Maginot Line "for empties" he was making the call both officially and unofficially.

The empties are beer-bottles.

These bottles have accumulated behind the Line. There are stacks of them. Somebody suggested that they might be flown back to England to be sold to firms wanting bottles.

Well, what's wrong with that?

FRED carried out his official mission, took a crate of empties into his plane, and rose again. He was carrying out his schedule to the minute.

When he crossed the German frontier it was night, and his ship was heaving gently in the air currents.

It had a long, thin fuselage, looked like a giant dragon-fly skimming across the heavens.

The sting was in the tail.

Muzzles of four Browning guns, the terror of the Messerschmidts, were thrust out of the fighting turret.

Fred flew his great machine due north until his navigator touched him on the shoulder, and signalled that Hanover was in sight.

There it lay, not all its lights out. But as the bomber approached, the lights were suddenly and completely extinguished.

Fred circled the city.

Not an anti-aircraft gun blazed.

Not an enemy fighter came up to challenge the raid.

Down went thousands of leaflets, fastened to small balloons to make sure they would do no damage.

Then a north-east course was set and away went the bomber for Berlin. It flew over Potsdam and a burst of moon showed the German capital lying in gloom far below. The streets were clearly distinguishable.

Out of curiosity, Fred dived until it was possible to make out the main buildings. He sent a wad of leaflets towards the Chancellery, where Hitler was then staying. How easy it would have been to wipe the Chancellery out!

But orders are orders; no bombs were dropped.

Then suddenly, out of the starlight, there was a glare and flash. Flaming "onions" had been sent up from a battery down below.

They were red, then blue, then orange, then green.

There is a theory that these German flaming "onions" are connected in small groups, so that they may wrap themselves around the wings or fuselage of an aircraft and set it alight.

The sky around Fred's bomber was ablaze with "onions." They came from different quarters, bursting into light like rockets at a fireworks display.

After them came the heavy A.A. guns. One shell burst so close to the bomber that the observer was blinded for some minutes.

The bomber rocked and rose, dropped and rose again, dipped and almost turned turtle, but Fred eased it on to an even keel at last and began to climb.

"ARCHIES" pelted the bomber as it rose. From 15,000 feet, Fred lifted his machine to 19,000 in a rapid climb. "Archies" followed him.

Shells burst below and around, some of them above him. It was a tight corner. Fred went higher. Shells followed.

He reached 25,000 feet and looked down.

Batteries were thundering away. They had a range of 30,000, and Fred could not fly higher because of the weather.

Ice was accumulating on the wings, on the fuselage, everywhere. It was bitter cold. Guns were still roaring and shells were still bursting.

Then the bomber went out of control. The instruments stopped work.

Fred ceased to climb.

He deliberately let the craft drop into the inferno, fell through the gathering clouds for 16,000 feet, and then the instruments began to show signs of life again.

He dropped lower still, until he was less than 2,000 feet above the outskirts of Berlin.

Skimming over the houses, he was not fleeing from that barrage: he was defying it. The suddenness of his descent had robbed the gunners of their range. The appearance of a bomber less than 2,000 feet above them was too much. The guns ceased firing.

Fred flew to Frederickstrasse to let go more of his leaflets.

His craft was still unstable. The guns began again, but their fire was less accurate.

Fred released another wad of leaflets and finished his visit to Berlin.

From then the bomber began to behave as if it wanted to lie down and die. It had not been hit by gunfire. There had been no shock of bullets anywhere, but it took Fred all he knew to keep it from dropping.

They flew over Potsdam, stronghold of Prussian military might, and a burst of moon showed the German capital lying in the gloom far below

He had still a few more cities to visit, according to schedule, before he crossed France and the North Sea.

Labouring and limping, the bomber flew on.

Magdeburg received a parcel of literature. So did Brunswick. So did Leipzig. Then they sailed due west in the weakening machine towards Essen.

The crew had no difficulty in finding Essen, with its glaring munition works.

Down went more leaflets to tell the workers that a British bomber was overhead.

As the bomber approached Cologne the stars began to hide behind heavy clouds.

Then a Messerschmidt came out of the darkness, announcing its presence with a burst of fire at the tail of the bomber.

And that was the last burst the German gunner ever fired.

Fred's gunner, on the alert all through the flight, let go four guns. The Messerschmidt charged right into the hail, halted as if struck by an unseen hand, spun round, and went down in flames.

It all happened so quickly that it was done and finished with before a real attack could be delivered on the bomber. Nothing could live in the face of those four guns.

Fred flew on over Cologne.

Again flaming "onions" came up, and the aircraft was labouring worse than ever. But the machine passed over the city, having dropped the leaflets.

JUST beyond the city the observer made himself heard above the din.

"All our leaflets gone," he announced.

"I know," answered Fred laconically, "and so have the empties. Wonder where they landed."

The observer glanced backward.

The crate of empty beer-bottles had gone down with the last wad of leaflets!

They both laughed, even though their ship was doing funny things. It bucked and reared, refused to stay put, protested that it was weary of the long flight.

According to schedule, there was no landing except in England. The stars had been blotted out, deep darkness had fallen on land and sea.

Staggering like a wounded animal, the bomber crossed the French coast and plodded on over the sea.

It became more and more unstable as the minutes passed.

It would not rise, it would hardly navigate.

Fred knew that a greater emergency than enemy action was facing them. He ordered his crew to prepare for a watery landing. The navigator was sent back to prepare the dinghy for launching.

But when the navigator looked around he scrambled back to Fred quickly.

"Top of the port wing is stripped of fabric, part of the starboard wing has gone, too. One flap is hanging limp. We're for it."

No wonder the bomber was unstable!

The ice had done what the German gunners had failed to do.

"How's our course?" asked Fred. "What have we got to do?"

"More than two hundred miles. We're dead on course."

"Never mind the dinghy," said Fred. "We'll do it—I think."

He had been ten hours in the air.

He had been at the controls all that time, his eyes were sore, his hands tired, but there was the R.A.F. schedule to keep, tradition to uphold.

IT was done.

They landed, bumpily, and rolling from side to side, in the darkness, between the green lights of the 'drome. It was a poor landing, but it was dead on time.

Two fifteen in the morning.

As Fred and his crew were helped out, they saw another aircraft above them signalling for permission to land.

The green light gave it.

Again it was a rough landing, but nobody was hurt. The second machine was holed all over with bullet marks. One engine was rocky.

Out stepped Bill.

"Right on time," he announced. "Gosh, I feel like having a cup of hot tea."

He and Fred went in together for the tea.

Not a word about their exploits, their battles with death, yet by a coincidence both had brought their machines home when by all the laws of gravity these aircraft should have been down and out.

And on the same day both of them received the blue and purple ribbon of the D.S.C.

They both deserved it.

—OPEN LETTERS—

MINISTER OF HEALTH

DEAR SIR,—Parents are bringing back many of the children evacuated to Clacton. Yet others are still being sent there, despite the lesson that should have been learned from the minelayer-seaplane crash.

Mentally defective children are still in an East Coast camp, despite the possibility of air battles.

Your Department seems eager to repeat the failures of the first evacuation scheme—failures I predicted shortly before the war.

Because I want your new efforts to be successful, because I deplore the return of children to crowded and vulnerable cities, I urge you to realise that some seaside towns are no less dangerous than the industrial areas.

If Nazis attempt to bomb our ports or are crazy enough to plan an invasion, the East Coast will inevitably be in the front line.

Since it is our aim to take youngsters away from the firing zone, your Department's plan convicts itself of absurdity and futility.

Revise it—before it is too late.—JOHN BULL.

Air Chief Marshal Sir C. NEWALL,
Chief of the Air Staff

DEAR SIR CYRIL,—One of our most vital airports has been cleverly camouflaged.

Yet someone has forgotten to obscure the signs, giving the name of the airport in foot-high letters, on the near-by railway station. They could easily be seen by enemy aircraft.

An omission that's worth your attention!—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Truro Pensions Sub-Committee

BLUNDERERS,—There was rejoicing in the home of an old soldier not long ago. A letter informed him that the King had conferred on him, "as a reward for long and highly meritorious service," a medal and an annuity of £10.

Ah! but then you heard of this honour.

With cynical disregard of the King's intentions, with a placid ignorance even of simple arithmetic, you have converted the reward into a penalty.

The old-age pensions of the ex-soldier and his wife are both to be reduced by 2s. a week. So he'll be 8s. a year worse off.

I suppose you'll flatter yourself on having done the State a good turn. But the State, I hope, will turn its face against your petty cheeseparing.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK OGILVIE,
Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR,—Following Mr. Chamberlain's speech last week, a speaker in your overseas programme declared that the Cabinet's strength was unshaken, that no one here took the Norwegian reverse seriously, and disdainfully dismissed all criticism of the Government.

This tendentious and fatuous misrepresentation, dangerous in its effects abroad and unfair to both Opposition and Conservative speakers, broke the B.B.C.'s rule of impartiality.

See that it is not repeated.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir CHARLES LITTLE,
Chief of Naval Personnel

DEAR ADMIRAL,—I am astonished to hear that naval units at Scapa Flow are denied postal concessions because they are not considered to be on active service.

Nazi bombers don't think so.—JOHN BULL.

The WAR CABINET,
Downing Street, S.W.

SIRS,—Can you imagine having to draw out your last pound from the bank because of your Government's meanness?

I ask you to try.

If you succeed, you may then lighten the hardships driving many Servicemen's families to distress and myself to fury.

A Cornish widow has been receiving an Air Ministry allowance of 10s. a week in respect of a volunteer son. That has now been stopped because her other son, who will have to register in July, has been given a 10s. rise in wages.

She used to have £17 in the post office bank.

She drew out £16 to bury her eldest son, who never recovered from wounds of the last war. Now she has drawn out her last pound—for food.

That is not unusual All the more reason why it should shame you!—JOHN BULL.

MINISTER OF PENSIONS,
Great Smith Street, Westminster

DEAR SIR,—I think you must be a human fly, so lightly do you dodge opponents.

Mr. Elliot sent children to the East Coast. Reverse his policy!

There is deep dissatisfaction over war pensions.

You blandly refuse to allow ex-Servicemen or their bereaved the right to appeal to an independent tribunal, yet you say the Government may create such a tribunal after the war!

And you have the audacity to remind them that they can appeal to you, as though justice is assured by a Minister allowed to be judge of his own cause.

It's a rotten system, and in your heart you must realise it.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Herts. Insurance Committee

GENTLEMEN,—No one could blame you for extravagance in appointing a temporary clerk at 45s. a week in place of two men called up for the Army. But Whitehall thinks you should have found someone willing to accept lower pay.

I've often wondered whether some Ministers would like to revive the sweat-shop.

Now I know.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Provost DOLLAN,
Glasgow

DEAR LORD PROVOST,—The rest of Britain should envy your citizens, for they pay only pre-war rates for electricity.

Yet the management has had to pay an extra £10,000 in rates, £30,000 more for coal, an extra £30,000 for labour and materials, and now derives no revenue from street lighting.

A private company near by charges its consumers an extra 50 per cent. for current. In some London areas electricity is dearer by 150 per cent.

Why private companies are allowed to maintain high profits at the expense of the public is not the least vexatious of war time mysteries.—JOHN BULL.

- **Children Sent to Seaside Danger Zone**
- **Royal Honour is to Make a Hero Suffer**
- **Forgetful Defeat Airport Camouflage**
- **B. B. C. Speakers Must Stick to Truth**

THE SECRETARY,
General Post Office

DEAR SIR,—Hasn't the Minister of Supply told you that scrap is urgently wanted for war materials?

At post office yards throughout the country are disused bicycles, vans, stacks of mudguards and wheels.

If you doubt my word, ask a postman!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—No one can doubt the response you'll get when you "ask your people to work like hell to save the lives of our lads."

No one can doubt that not only the men you have so long represented but every worker in the country will be willing to strain every muscle in the fight for freedom and life itself.

I know that you'll work as hard as anyone. And I'm convinced that it will be vital work well done.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Buxton

GENTLEMEN,—Do not think, because your town is far inland, that you need not bother about air raids.

Yet the first aid post has been abandoned and its equipment stored twenty-eight miles away!

Hundreds of A.R.P. workers in Buxton, who have shown a high sense of public duty, are wondering what they should do if casualties arose.

I share both their perplexity and indignation.—JOHN BULL.

Imaginary Interview in the Black-out Bus

HIGH—AND MUCH TOO MIGHTY!

ALL the way, Sir? . . . Thank you! . . . It ain't often I only have one fare to collect on the top deck—least of all from a gentleman who looks as though he's used to being chauffeur-driven—*probably*—to the Law Courts?

"Not a bad guess, Conductor. I don't mind admitting that I am connected with the legal profession."

I knew you were, Sir, even in this dim blue light. Lawyers and doctors, they're easy to spot. . . . And mostly I can make a pretty good guess at the Civil Service. Talking of that, I wonder whether you could tell me how soon a civil servant becomes a "High Government Official"?

The other day, f'r instance, there was a bloke selling papers in the street who had a bit of a dust up with one of them "High Government officials" and later on they had him up at the Old Bailey—the newsvendor, I mean; not the official. . . .

The name of the newspaper bloke, Walter William Ditch, was given in full, but the prosecutor was allowed to write his name down on a bit of paper and hand it in to the Judge. . . . Officials have to be very high up before they get that kind of privilege, don't they, Sir? . . .

You don't care to give a general opinion. . . .

Forgive me, but I never knew a lawyer who did! . . . All the same for that, in this particular case Ditch was only found guilty of common assault "under great provocation," and me and some of my pals can't help feeling curious to know who provoked him and how. . . .

Yes, Governor, I know the interests of the State must come first in time of war, but still I can't see how it could have possibly hurt the State to disclose that "High Official's" name in a case of this kind. . . .

Seems to me there's too much hush-hush going on everywhere. . . . Seems to me that, once a chap gets a biggish job in any Government Department he's apt to get too high and mighty altogether. But he didn't ought to put himself above the law; not in my opinion. . . .

Quite right, Sir. . . . I don't say this fellow was trying to do anything of the kind.

I wouldn't be surprised if his departmental chief hadn't told him it was his duty to keep everything out of the newspapers.

And, of course, the Judge was entitled to use his own discretion. . . . But what I want to know is: Does the Government want the Judges to be so darned discreet? . . .

If you was the Lord Chancellor himself, I'd ask you to give the Bench a hint that it ain't nearly so important to protect official dignity as to protect the tradition that all men are equal when they come into a court of law. . .

What's that, Sir: *"I'm a bit too quick at guessing and you're too old a fish to rise at every fly."* . . . Beg your pardon, I'm sure. . . . And thank you for listening to me . . me Lord!

If I Were a Spy

A German journalist, renowned for his anti-Nazi propaganda and now a refugee in London, shows how easy it is for the foreigner to learn vital secrets, given away by careless talk in cinemas, cafés and buses.

HAD I been a Nazi spy, I could look back on a most successful week. A German living in this country because my home is in the hands of the enemy, I am most grateful for the freedom that has been granted to me, yet I can't help warning you that it is so easy for anybody in my position to abuse that freedom.

Without my asking, your careless talkers make me a present of the most startling facts about the war.

Let's pretend that I am a spy. There's no need for me to wear false beards, snoop around Whitehall, or even vamp the typists employed in the offices of high officials

I need only go to the cinema.

At the beginning of the week I was sitting in a London cinema watching a propaganda film created to impress on the public the full meaning of slogans about careless talk giving away vital secrets

The film showed how a sailor's financée innocently brought about his death. A few careless remarks in front of an indiscreet waitress; the waitress passing on the news to a harmless-looking old woman: a Nazi spy receiving the information—and that was the end of a proud British ship.

Sitting next to me in the stalls were a naval officer and his wife.

"Funny we should see this film," commented the wife.

"They might have known you were going away to-morrow," she continued. ". . . Why can't I go with you to ——?" and she mentioned a port on the East Coast.

"You know, darling," replied the officer—and I could not help overhearing every word of the conversation—"that nobody is supposed to know that we are leaving. It would cause a political sensation if people found out. . . ."

The officer went on to explain the political implications of his ship's departure; he freely mentioned the port of departure and his ship's destination. He gave away the names of his fellow-officers, discussed the sort of clothes he would need, and said that his wife need not expect to hear from him for a long time.

Had I been a spy, I would have had twenty-four hours in which to pass on this vital information.

With this still in mind I went to a restaurant in the West End.

Two officers, a colonel and a squadron-leader, were sitting at the next table.

They were talking quietly and quickly.

It was impossible for me to follow details of their conversation, but I could understand that they were discussing the merits of a gun recently put in operation.

The Army officer seemed enthusiastic

But as his Air Force friend did not understand the technical details of the new "wonder gun," he started drawing a diagram on a paper napkin.

He drew clear, strong lines with his pencil.

GIVING every line its appropriate name, he produced a complete outline of the secret mechanism.

It took him fully fifteen minutes to complete his sketch, and eventually he convinced his friend of the value of the gun.

The officers finished their coffee, paid the bill, and walked out of the restaurant.

To my great surprise they left behind the napkin on which the diagram had been drawn.

Because it might fall into the wrong hands, I tore it in pieces and scattered them on the floor.

The waiter looked at me indignantly.

Now, if I had been a spy . . .

In a "pub" near by I found an English acquaintance discussing "military secrets" with another man whom I did not know.

The stranger argued that British secrets were not well enough guarded. I never said a word. But my acquaintance protested.

The stranger mocked him.

"Only last week I attended a performance in a little theatre in a coastal town," he said. "Suddenly the performance was interrupted so the manager might make an announcement from the stage.

"'I have just received orders,' he said, 'to ask all officers and ratings of the destroyer —— to board ship immediately. She is due to sail at dawn.'"

The stranger in the "pub" explained that when the ship's name was mentioned, sailors and officers said farewell to their friends and left the theatre.

Everybody knew that this ship belonged to a certain squadron which had been home on leave for a few days. There could be no doubt as to where the ship would go. The urgent call aboard ship indicated an emergency measure

I listened in surprise.

I was no less surprised when, next day, in a little tea-room in North London I overheard two girls, obviously employed in a munitions factory, who had an appointment with two of the engineers working in their department.

The engineers arrived, and soon started an animated discussion with the girls about new production methods.

Within a few minutes I learned what must have been closely guarded secrets of this vital centre of British arms production.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later I met a German friend of mine, a young engineer of repute in Berlin, who came to Britain as a refugee while his two brothers stayed behind to join Goering's air force.

He was also troubled by the British disregard for carelessness

The manager of a big British aircraft factory had told him there was a shortage of skilled workers in his particular line, and offered him a job

My friend admitted that he would probably be qualified to do the work required and was asked to visit the factory

The manager took him through the workshops, and in the key department—in which my friend was expected to work—they stopped for a long time while he was shown every detail of the organisation.

He studied new machines, and made notes and calculations to find out whether he could adapt his experience and his earlier training to the methods employed in the British factory.

Scene from a British propaganda film created to impress on the public the danger of careless talk in "pubs" and cafés

After two days he was informed that the management had found a British engineer to fill the vacancy.

My friend is an ardent anti-Nazi. He would not betray any of the secrets that he discovered during his tour of the British aircraft factory, but if he had been a spy . . .

When, later, I mentioned these startling experiences to a British friend, he laughed.

"Let the spies gather information—if they want," he said. "The authorities see that they cannot get it out of the country."

I FELT reassured, but on the same day I was approached by a stranger who asked me whether I was of German origin.

"I can do you a favour," he said. "I can get letters or news to your relatives in Germany any day. It won't cost you much . . a quid or so. . . ."

I explained that I had neither friends nor relatives in Germany

So he then asked me for names of other Germans who were likely to make use of his services.

"One of our people travels to a neutral country every day," he said. "We can get letters to Germany within forty-eight hours."

This man is not a spy, merely a racketeer.

But if he can manage to get news to Germany within forty-eight hours it should not be too difficult for a professional spy.

If I were a spy I could even make use of such a racketeer.

All Goering's Ersatz Secrets are Safe in Leeds

ALL the secret formulæ of Field - Marshal Goering's munitions-from - milk, suits-from-sawdust, coffee - from - coal, and guns from garbage schemes, patented by German scientists during the last few years of the Nazi self-sufficiency plan, lie in a library, protected by reinforced concrete, fifty feet below the street level in the heart of Leeds.

There are shelves upon shelves containing complete files of four million specifications of Nazi "ersatz" materials registered in Germany to the beginning of the war.

Of the forty thousand patents registered in the last few years, many hundreds were patents of substitutes for materials Hitler has not had the money to buy.

British Patents Office has dossiers of German patents registered in this country, but only Leeds has those registered in Germany. The Patents Office wouldn't keep them, but the Leeds Commercial Library, unwilling to see them thrown on the ash-heap, found room, has even kept filing up to date as far as possible.

Although Britain will probably never need all the secrets of these Nazi substitutes, some comfort may be derived from knowing that, armed with Nazi secrets, British scientists would start where the Germans left off.

Among the "ersatz" secrets there are specifications of **hundreds of ingenious engineering devices, of chemical processes that have now special value in war time.**

Because thousands of mechanical specifications have potential military value, the British Government, realising their importance, has authorised their use if needed by British manufacturers engaged on war time production.

Within a few days of the outbreak of war applications for the loan of specifications began to pour in from firms all over the country. Enquiries had reached 300 a month by November and have continued ever since.

Mr. R. Haxby, head of the department of the library, is only too willing to let British manufacturers into secrets of German patents in the manufacture of chemicals, motor car engines, electrical plant and machinery.

Since war started two men have been kept busy every day in the bomb-proof cellars where these specifications are housed in long racks, producing copies for the Air Ministry, the War Office and other Government departments.

Yet even in war time Britain takes care that the international law protecting patent-holders is not broken.

She assumes the right to use the enemy's patents, but the licence fees that would normally be paid to the patent-holder are collected by the Government, and held until the end of the war.

GREATEST BOOK OF THE WAR

"JOHN BULL" announces on page 22 the greatest book of the war—"Britain's Wonderful Fighting Forces."

In a graphic 100,000-word story with more than 400 amazing photographs and diagrams, this work reveals for the first time the secrets and marvels of Britain's stupendous war machine—its organisations, men, machines, ships, aircraft and all the modern weapons of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Fleet Air Arm.

In this book you see how battles are planned and carried out on sea, land and in the air, and learn how every weapon—from a Bren gun to the guns in the mighty turrets of a capital ship—is worked.

This book is being made available at a remarkably low privilege price—really amazing value. Turn to page 22 and apply at once.

MYSTERY DOCTOR TO SHUN

KAAHAMEAHOBBERA is not an animal. It is not even a disease. Yet it is as terrifying as it looks when you first try to put your tongue to its many twists. "Doctor" James Robbins, M.S., Ph.M., will tell you that it is a "neat spirit costing ten guineas an ounce," with the most astonishing curative powers.

He has been known to produce a phial of brown liquid, which he says is a poison capable of killing a ten-ton elephant, yet it is no match for his "neat spirit." He has only to pour a little Kaahameahobbera into the phial and the "poison" clears until it is colourless. You couldn't have a better illustration of its amazing powers.

And even if the "doctor" doesn't claim to cure the worst possible diseases with Kaahameahobbera, he will at least explain that he has treated Signor Mussolini and the Pope with his rare medicine. It cured them, of course, but you're not likely to hear from what they were suffering.

The "doctor" tells such a convincing tale that you might start to believe him if it were not that his credentials are threadbare when held to the light of investigation.

Those people who have paid him as much as fifteen guineas for Kaahameahobbera treatments at his "consulting rooms" in Putney Bridge Road, London, S.W., have been told that he is the father of a peer, that he is also the father of Sir Stuart Malcolm Robbins, famed surgeon, whose equally famous patients have included a well-known film star, that he himself, after bringing hundreds of children into the world, attended a confinement in a trolleybus only the other day.

He doesn't mention that when his business as a "medical practitioner" is slack he sells tips on racecourses. And enquiries reveal that there is no such person as Sir Stuart Malcolm Robbins on the records of British Medical Council, that his "degrees" mean nothing at all to them, and that he never did receive a diploma from the Royal College of Medicine because there is no such institution.

So even though poison turns pale at the sight of Kaahameahobbera, the magic cure for everything from asthma to consumption, is best left in the "doctor's" "insulting rooms," because he is just another of those medical quacks who make money as easily as they make their preposterous claims.

Jack Hayes, ex-London policeman M.P., now secretary of an organisation created to stop the quacks and bogus opticians preying on people in country districts, would be doing a national service if he turned his attention to such bogus medicine men as "Doctor" Robbins.

Mr. Jack Hayes, ex-London policeman M.P., leads the latest campaign against quacks who prey on public susceptibility

"Gallant" Rogue

A RESOURCEFUL rogue, passing in the aliases of Franklin, Stack, Ball and Rogers, has such a passion for assuming military ranks that he must be kept busy glancing at his shoulders to make sure whether he is a colonel or a major.

Having been educated at a famous university, he became such a cause of anxiety to his people that they disowned him. Ever since he has been steering a zigzag course up and down the country, making quite a good thing out of a life of chicanery.

Posing in the varied rôles of colonel, major and even captain, and flashing such splendid decorations in the eyes of his dazzled victims that they were too bewildered to question his tall stories, he has rooked hotel managers and guests with the greatest of ease.

In three days he took fifteen guineas from a chance acquaintance in exchange for a dishonoured cheque, gave a hotel manager another worthless cheque for £30, and left with smaller sums of money made in much the same way in his wallet.

When he left one town a little later an hotel bill for £12, dishonoured cheques—for one of them he received £20 from an estate agent with whom he had entered "negotiations" for buying a large house—charted the depths of his misdemeanours.

Within a short time an elderly woman at a South Coast hotel was foolish enough to advance him £40 because she was so impressed by his ingenious stories.

Sir Wyndham Child's Page

He's in the Money

SMALL-FRY touts are often the most insidious. Their activities are a constant drain on the purses of those who fall victims to their snares. And I can't resist letting you into some of their trade secrets.

For instance, there is a man who has been using the names of Hall, King and Smith. Posing as an inspector for a famous catering firm, he makes his money out of a non-existent bookmaker. And as that is something of a crooked tale, let me explain.

This fine fellow canvasses orders, saying he is in a good position to see that they are delivered in good time. He doesn't ask for any money, but he does casually bring the conversation round to racing as he is about to leave.

He knows a good thing at the greyhound track, and he usually leaves with a few pounds which "will mean big money when staked with his bookmaker." But as there is no such bookmaker, well . . . that's the end of the story. Victims are now legion.

Then there is Irene Smith, of Harcourt Road, Sheffield, whose objectionable "Circle of Friendship and Romance"—registration fee 5s. 6d. and a further 15s. 6d. when an introduction is effected—can also be counted among the small fry with irritating, money-making habits.

"Refuse Sharks"

EVERYBODY laughed when the comedians sang "Any Old Iron," but the money now being made out of old iron by the get-rich-quick "refuse sharks" is no joke.

Using patriotism for their own mean ends, these cunning dealers are making fortunes.

There are at least six well-organised "refuse gangs" at work in London, all making a good thing out of extensive, well-planned house-to-house visits.

Some institutions who collect such waste are, I agree, quite reputable, but there are innumerable sharks who find money easy to make because so many people give willingly in the belief they are helping in the nation's need.

But the men working for them don't mention that the nation's need is a secondary consideration when it comes to lining the pockets of their employers.

Sailing successfully under false colours by prating about "National Emergency," and using such slogans as "England Needs Your Waste," these cruising "refuse sharks" are finding easy pickings.

I can't do more than remind you that authorised collectors work under the jurisdiction of local councils and corporations, and can produce credentials to prove their authority.

Music's Charms

ONCE more I can't resist mentioning the rising tide of letters from lyric writers who have been victimised. Judging by the gush that some of them write, there's every reason why their work should never be published, and I am not surprised they are easy game for authors and composers offering to set lyrics to music and then find a market for them.

Neville Armstrong seems to be prominent in this business. Another concern is Pearl Publications, of Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4, in which a Mrs. Jeffers has a controlling interest.

I heard of her only the other day in another connection—the Mariners' Friend Society asked her not to continue using its name when selling a concoction called "Special Vespers." She had said the profits from these sales were going to the society.

Among the other music-hath-charms-when-I-want-your-money fraternity about whom there have been enquiries are Thomas Loring, of "Song Sales," Chester Lee, and that notorious song-writer, Julian Wright, of Herne Bay, Kent, who has been preying for years on those inspired by the divine urge.

DEBTS FOR SALE

Now I want to deal with a subject which is not in the "dubious" category:

FOR the duration of the war the Government should prohibit the sale—or assignment—of debts. I am sure that any M.P. to whom all the facts have been presented would be only too eager to raise the matter in the House.

Judging by the frequency with which you see advertisements for this sort of thing, the offers are not always as attractive as they would appear, yet many people must be impressed when they read:

"County Court judgments for sale; 1,500 judgments throughout the country; average debt £5, payable 8s. monthly; leave under Emergency Powers Act in most cases. Any reasonable offer will be considered."

Debt collecting agencies exist mainly because it is lawful to sell "debts," yet buying debts is extremely speculative, especially since the passing of the "Emergency Powers Act of 1939."

When the advertisement claims "leave under Emergency Powers Act in most cases," it is distinctly misleading. A creditor is not entitled except by leave of a Court to "proceed to execution on" or otherwise to the "enforcement of any judgment or order of any court."

Leave may have been given to issue a judgment summons against a debtor which causes him to appear before a County Court Judge and be examined as to means. But nothing can disturb the fundamental principle that unless it can be proved that a man can pay and won't, he cannot be sent to jail.

Leave may have been granted by a court to levy an execution, but it may well be that when levied there will not be sufficient goods to satisfy the debt. Also, the goods may be held on the hire-purchase system.

Although there are many kindly creditors who do not press their debtors, a debt-collecting machine has no soul and would not exist long if it developed that quality of mercy. That is why I wish there could be an enquiry into the sale of debts.

GREATEST OF THESE

"HONEST, straightforward, eager for work . . . he will give good service if only somebody offers him a chance. . . ." In these words a Stoke-on-Trent clergyman describes Harold Hambleton, a veteran of the last war, who had to pawn his suit and his only good pair of shoes the other day to buy the essentials of existence.

His wife is in hospital, having recently had an operation, and he is in need of extra nourishment if he is to recover completely from an attack of bronchitis. Yet he has no work, no money.

And if only for his service in the last war this man needs your assistance. He has been severely handled by circumstances.

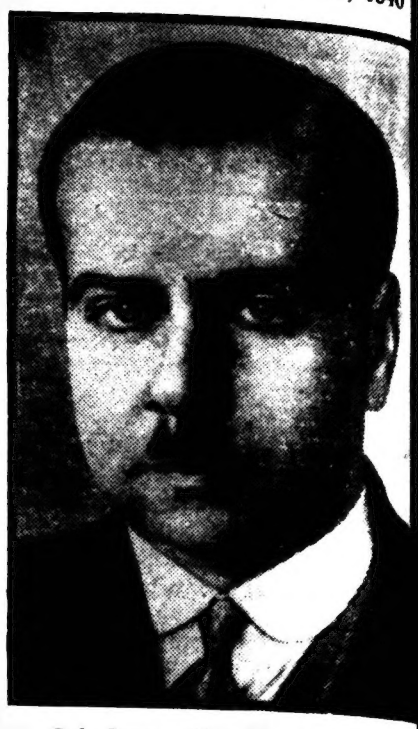
Please send donations earmarked "Anxious," or to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent by generous readers is devoted to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.

Meanwhile, we desire to express gratitude to the anonymous readers who send to us under various pseudonyms.

Poland's £20,000,000 Omnibus!



Col. Ignace Matuszewski faced a thousand perils so that Poland might live again

LIKE a swarm of locusts, Hitler's hordes swept through Poland to the gates of Warsaw. In four frightful days, the Nazi Juggernaut had mown through the defending armies.

The giant pincers of Nazi aggression were closing in on the stricken capital. Invaders were throwing a noose around the city. . .

The prize must not be lost.

For Nazis were after something so precious they were willing to squander thousands of lives to put their fingers on it. Gold! The curse of men! Gold!

Twenty million pounds of the yellow metal. Seventy-five tons of bullion—"The entire gold reserve of the Polish nation."*

That was the prize Hitler sought. The gold he desperately needed. So the Germans kept Warsaw under a hail of metal.

Yet, amid the panic, one man kept his head.

Seated at his desk in the Bank Hadlowy, Col. Adam Koc was telephoning to Col. Ignace Matuszewski, a former Finance Minister, launching the most fantastic expedition of the war.

A few hours later five broken-down old 'buses rumbled out of Warsaw.

They carried a golden cargo destined to travel 4,500 miles through six countries and two continents before finally it was delivered to the Bank of France, Paris, a fortnight later.

Twenty-two nightmare nights when Col. Matuszewski and his intrepid comrades faced a thousand perils so that Poland might live again.

For two days and nights the convoy rattled on. The roads were terrible, pitted by shell and bomb craters.

The convoy could only drive by night in pitch darkness. Already there had been a leak.

As Matuszewski and his ten countrymen cowered in the woods by day they heard the roar of aircraft above—Nazi pilots were searching for them.

When night fell, the convoy moved on again, pushing along roads filled with half-frantic refugees begging a lift.

The Colonel waved them aside. Gold represented Poland's future. These people were Poland's tragic present.

At daybreak of the second morning the convoy neared Brest-Litovsk, but when the Colonel entered the town ahead of his men he found every road south to the Rumanian frontier had been mined and destroyed.

The Gestapo had cut away his escape.

Ignace decided to double back to Warsaw, but first he must know whether the capital was still in Polish hands, and the only way of finding out was by flying there.

A Polish aircraft had been shot down near by a few days before, but when the adventurers arrived at the flying-field they found the undercarriage smashed and buckled, the motor half-buried in the ground. . . .

The six engineers in the party set to work to construct a new engine from the spare parts lying about the flying-field machine-shop!

The rest of the party worked feverishly to repair the aircraft.

For twenty-six hours these Poles slaved grimly and eventually the rickety, patched-up machine staggered across the field and wobbled into the sky.

And against all the odds, at the end of a day of patient vigil, the battered old crock returned with a message from Col. Koc!

They were to return to Warsaw.

On the following night the dust-smeared column rumbled in through the burning ruins of Warsaw's suburbs.

Now it *was* a race against time.

That same night fifteen 'buses, manned by twenty more volunteers, left Warsaw by a new route.

This time it was each driver for himself. All the roads were open to bombing, but the little band were helped by heavy rain.

It arrived too late to stop the German advance, but it "built a screen around the gold convoy and gave it a chance to get away."

While low-lying clouds made visibility from the air impossible, the lorries wound over tortuous, bogged-up roads, striving to reach the frontier.

Always they were only a short jump ahead of the Gestapo. Sometimes the road was bombed ahead as well as behind them.

Tyres burst.

Rain teemed down.

Yet, somehow, Matuszewski managed to arrive at the Rumanian border two hours ahead of Nazi reckoning. It was those two hours that saved the gold.

The rest of the journey is history.

Through Rumania by train, across the Black Sea in a tiny tanker, across Turkey in another train, and then to France in French warships went the gold before it lay safe in those deep vaults near the Seine.

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* "The Polish Gold." By Robert Westerby and R. M. Low. (Methuen. 3s. net.)

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE YOU ARE FIGHTING

INSIDE GERMANY: AMAZING FACTS

The mass of German people are not opposed to the régime because of any deep antipathy to its internal policies, or even foreign expansion. The more I saw of Germany, the more false seemed the idea that any line can be drawn between the Nazi régime and the people.

They are against the régime not because they find it abhorrent, but because it is exacting too great a price from them, and they are beginning to suspect they are paying the price in vain.

IN these words a distinguished foreign observer, writing to a dignitary in Britain's political life, condenses his opinions of war time Germany. For the last few months he has, by nature of his position, been allowed to wander throughout the Third Reich, making contacts denied to many other such observers.

Natural elation over the British withdrawal from Southern Norway in no way alters the facts revealed in this letter, which is important not only for its observations, but also for its deep insight into the mentality of the Germans. The author of the letter, going to Berlin shortly after the start of the war, was astonished by the attitude of the people.

Fanatic Zeal

I find now under war conditions none of that keyed-up dynamic atmosphere that you found in your visit just before the war, he says to his British confrère.

There is a certain fanatic zeal among extreme Nazis, but I did not find even the young imbued with burning enthusiasm. Among fanatical Nazis enthusiasm seemed to have a brittle quality lacking deep conviction.

I made a great effort to delve into the lower classes, and nowhere did I find a general enthusiasm for the régime of the war, nor any real conviction in the rightness of the German cause nor its chances of success. . . .

I was amazed at the extent of the dull fatalism, which frequently degenerated into a frank defeatism. I had no difficulty in contacting such opposition to the régime and the war.

Yet I found the *discipline* of the nation unimpaired.

What struck me more than anything else was that in Germany it seems to be possible to have *good discipline with bad morale.*

Conditions in Germany to-day would produce complete disintegration of discipline were they reproduced in any democratic country. But they do not in Germany. Thus I find myself unable to believe any possibility of a popular rising against the régime.

Again and again I asked Germans who expressed animus against the régime why they didn't do something about it if their feelings were so strong.

They always replied that there was nothing to be done, which seems true, given the lack of political initiative, which is an inherent quality of German people.

In most of its aspects the Nazi régime is the expression of inherent German qualities. The old idea that Germans are nice, lovable, well-intentioned civilised beings is utter bunk.

Brutality Approved

Nazism reflects the realities of the German character. I found none of them really shocked by anti-semitic brutalities or other excesses committed against occupied countries.

They apologise, yet they accept it.

But they are beginning to suspect that the Nazi régime is not what they thought it might be a few years ago.

The strain on them has been intense, and now they see not ultimate success but another failure, more privation.

They no longer have faith in Hitler's ability to achieve his visions, and the dull weight of fear is now added to the terrific burden of restraint, privation, and the lack of all those things that make life pleasant.

It is surprising how many Germans want to get away, especially to the United States.

"Escapism" is another German trait.

Those who feel things are going wrong have no desire to fight to make things better at home.

They just want to get away from it.

It's like the *Graf Spee.*

When Germans see defeat ahead, their instinct seems to run away from it all rather than face it bravely like the boys in the *Rawalpindi.* They haven't the courage to take a licking, or to fight against odds. They like things going their way, but have no stomach for a real fight.

The way for you people to win the war is to hit the German people so hard that they realise that they are up against something stronger than themselves.

When They Cringe

Kindness and consideration lead them to licence. Hardness makes them cringe.

There is a deep scepticism now about all official propaganda. Germans simply don't know what to believe. Most English propaganda entering Germany leaves them pretty cold, but so does their own.

They are quite unimpressed with your stuff about England fighting Nazism, not the German people. And the German worker has no use for "liberty," while he thinks such material advantages as housing are better than the British working man's. Yet I found no hatred against England.

Most Germans like the idea of *Gross Deutschland,* and fear defeat will carve the country back again into its small pre-Bismarck political units.

The German believes that he will suffer if the Allies win. But he also knows that he will continue to suffer as long as the present régime remains in power, which it will if Germany wins.

He finds little to choose between victory and defeat. And he does not see a sufficient margin of benefit from a victory to make him enthusiastic about the war or energetic in his war effort.

I have no information of any value about German war resources. Nazis may possess all they claim. They may have their multiple thousands of aeroplanes, hundreds of submarines.

Colossal Bluff

Berlin is the last place to get accurate information on such matters.

But the intangible feeling you acquire on remaining there during the war is that the element of bluff is large, and that somehow Germany lacks the vitality, the courage and conviction essential to victory.

I am certainly convinced that German air strength at the time of Munich was a colossal bluff.

Germans laugh now about how easily and completely they fooled the world at that time. They didn't have 10,000 aeroplanes then, or even 5,000.

If England can only organise itself efficiently it will certainly win.

The only country that can defeat England is England itself.

Germany cannot defeat an England that lives up to its potentialities.

Great Camp Scandal

Muddle, waste and graft are elbowing their way through the ranks of Britain's enthusiastic war time workers . . . it must be stopped at once, and an example made of all traitors

THE Government has its whitewash brush out—the biggest since whitewashing became a high political art in the last war.

With deft strokes it is trying to hide the scandal of supreme waste and inefficiency in the building of camps, dumps, munition factories—from YOU, who must eventually foot the bill.

Sir Edward Grigg, Financial Secretary to the War Office, has peevishly told Members of Parliament: "*I hope we shall not have in this House or outside a flow of allegations which take an enormous time to investigate in detail.*"

He's going to be disappointed.

He is going to have allegations of bribery when cases in connection with Government tenders come before the courts shortly.

He is going to have them from Scotland Yard, now busy investigating the looting of huge quantities of Government stores from camps and other Government sites all over the country.

And he is going to have them from JOHN BULL.

The Government is spending £1,000,000 a day on building.

Seeing that the normal turnover of the building trade is £425,000,000, you would expect that industry to be fairly busy.

Yet it is face to face with ruin.

Thousands of the best men climbed down their ladders on the day war broke out and haven't done a day's work since.

And, speaking of Government building as a whole, the reason is that the bulk of the work has been given to a few of the biggest contractors.

Provincial contractors have interviewed every department of the Government, every brass-hat they could find, in an effort to get at least a sub-contract.

In the majority of cases they have been disappointed.

MEN with no knowledge of the building trade have become foremen. Some of our best farm workers have been taken from their all-important work of producing the nation's food—although, goodness knows, they could do with the extra money.

Never in history has there been a bigger scrounging of "jobs for pals."

Local builders have seen non-builders coming from distant towns to do jobs on camps, aerodromes and munition factories that *they* should be doing.

This is because the Government thought it could get the work done quicker that way!

"We admit there has been spending on a lavish scale," says the Government.

In many cases it has spent twice as much to house a soldier as the London County Council has spent on housing each citizen on one of the finest housing estates in the world.

Don't run away with the idea that this expenditure has been necessary to provide Tommy or munition workers with super-luxury.

Millions of pounds have been wasted through such craziness as putting up a building, then taking it down again.

Making a building look pretty is only one of the minor jobs of an architect.

He designs for strength, to keep down the cost of building, to provide buildings that can be economically run.

You can imagine the dismay of architects when they learned that the Government would have little use for their services.

They are the hardest-hit people of the whole professional class. Some of them—brilliant men—are actually living on grants from the Public Assistance Committee.

In a world of frenzied building they were unwanted.

They went along to Whitehall to interview a Big Noise.

The Big Noise wore an important uniform.

He told them he was sorry. There was nothing doing.

"*We don't want pretty elevations in war time,*" *said the Big Noise.*

The Government has been most economical about employing experts in a supervisory capacity in war building, although they swarm like flies in other branches of our war effort where they are not so necessary.

In that way it has saved ha'pennies all over the kingdom.

And — in consequence — lost pounds.

There is the broad sweep.

The details are—well, as you would expect them to be.

A JOHN BULL representative went to see the building of a huge ammunition dump.

Ex-naval officers were employed watching the ammunition. All pensioners, they drew an extra £4 4s. a week for the job, money that many a dependable out-of-work man, who could do the work just as well, might envy.

The only canteen was for these naval men exclusively.

"Workmen" had to eat in the rain.

So they raided the railway goods yard for tarpaulins. It is to their credit that they took the oldest.

But you will pay for the tarpaulins, and you will pay for whatever valuable consignments of goods were ruined by the rain in consequence.

Still, even you can't expect the best work from men so shabbily treated.

Joiners walked away from one open-air job to another, leaving their bags of nails to rust in the rain.

Asbestos sheets were flung about with utter disregard as to whether they broke or not. Hundreds were shattered, yet some of the men, wanting a small cut-out that might well have been taken from a broken fragment, would destroy a whole sheet to get it.

The highest-paid men on the job were joiners. But too many joiners had been taken on. The problem was solved by getting them to do work which was "not in their line"—at a joiner's rates.

One job was delayed through a shortage of light timber. The younger boys had broken up so much to make fires at which they could dry their clothes and get warmth into their limbs.

At another point, wood piles were being rammed into the ground.

It was raining at the time.

Each pile was given a one-second dip in creosote, then dragged to the point at which it was to be used, shedding much of its creosote on the way.

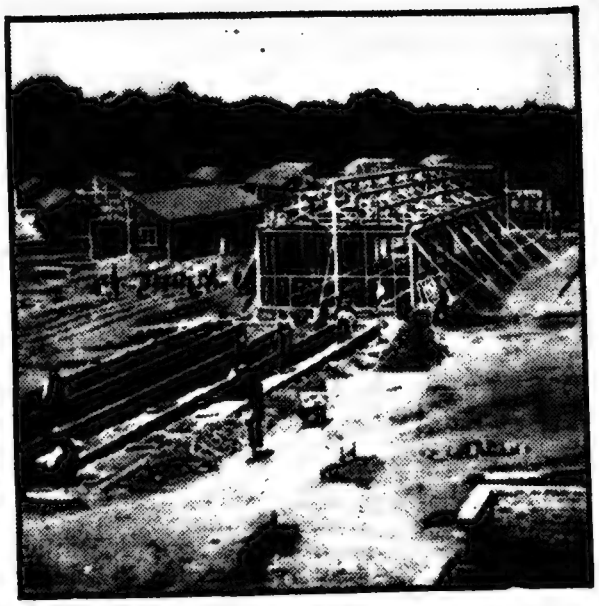
There was no attempt made to pickle the timber in creosote, even for a few minutes.

READERS of JOHN BULL, engaged on Government jobs, have given us similar descriptions of work on their own sites.

One sees the foreman filling his car with new timber every night. It has already been cut up to the size he requires.

Sometimes a half-hundredweight bag of nails is dropped into the car as well, or a keg of putty, or a quantity of glass.

These letters describe work that has to be scrapped and done again because specifications have been ignored, of "ca'canny" efforts to make the job last, of a wonderful wash-house that was opened for use before it was discovered there was nowhere for the water to drain.



Here are typical hutments. It is not suggested that there is anything wrong in this particular camp

The Government saves on architects and other experts all right!

You find many camps so designed that all traffic will have to pass through one narrow avenue, which will become an eternal quagmire.

The attention of Members of Parliament is being called to many such cases by their constituents.

They have the greatest difficulty in getting the allegations investigated.

One such allegation is that work on Militia camps estimated to cost £1,600,000 cost £5,000,000.

This is admitted officially.

The complaint has been investigated, and the contractors are seen to be blameless.

The War Office takes responsibility, explaining that the costs mounted to this huge figure through the dire necessity of housing so many Militiamen in so short a time.

That's all very well—but three-quarters of the building operatives of this country were looking for jobs when this "dire necessity" was met in this strange way.

Other allegations forwarded to M.P.s regarding Government contracting generally include:

Roofs put on and then torn off again because it was found no provision had been made for ventilators.

Trusses were erected. Somebody came along and pulled them down. It was discovered they were pulled down in error. They were then reconstructed.

A contractor was buying cement for a gigantic job at 51s. a ton, when the War Office price was 42s. 9d. a ton delivered.

The British public is sensible enough to make due allowance for the fact that scores of millions of pounds worth of war buildings had to be erected at such speed there had to be a certain amount of waste. But no more than due allowance. It wants the truth.

Taxpayers will not be satisfied until the system is one that will encourage firms to do the work as economically as possible, and will not give them a penny piece more than a fair profit.

Meantime, Scotland Yard is busy on scores of Government sites.

Chief concern of the detectives is the loss of huge quantities of Government stores.

In one case a big machine for cutting and levelling timber had disappeared as lightly as if it were a pocket wallet.

Police enquiries show that loose methods of stockkeeping on the part of the authorities have made such large-scale looting not only possible but also easy.

In another case, large quantities of heavy building material have melted into thin air.

And another police probe concerns the allegation that men buying foodstuffs and other necessities for the Crown Forces have been inflating prices to fill their own pockets.

The Public Prosecutor has before him the full reports of police officers who, under the personal direction of Sir Norman Kendal, Chief of the C.I.D., have been enquiring into the operations of a big firm of contractors engaged in building Army camps.

This case is proving so complicated that more than twenty detectives have had to pursue enquiries in a number of towns.

ONE of the most mysterious cases of looting is the loss of a big quantity of tinned food for the Army.

Despite all this the Government has informed Members of Parliament that no prima facie case has been made out for any sort of public enquiry.

Read in conjunction with these facts, which represent but a small percentage of the facts at our disposal, it is an amazing statement.

THEY DO NOT KNOW US

THEY do not know us if they think that we can be dismayed, we've been up against all this before and still our Empire's Stayed. We have fought our fights both grim and long and lost the fighting too, but at the end we've come out top, that's what we always do.

THEY do not know us if they think their Lies can beat our Faith, for Falsehood is a City that will melt just like a wraith, when our guns of stark reality thunder on its shores, for Truth, and the Facing up to Truth is the thing that wins all Wars.

THEY do not know us if they think their threats can get us down, we're quite aware that they would like to bomb each open town of our Beloved England, as they've done in other lands, but Endurance is the fibre of all our Living Strands.

THEY do not know us if they think our Honour can't hold fast through all the Horrors they can do, through all the treacherous blast of Frightfulness on such a scale that they think the World will blench, but we'll still be there to clear away the debris and the stench.

THEY do not know us, for we tread a way by them unshared, we do not deal in Envy nor are we by Hate scared, we fight as cleanly as we can and then our hand extend to help a fallen foe to rise, and so become his Friend.

J. M.

ARGUE IT OUT BY PALLAS

BASTIONS OF PEACE

"LARGE was his bounty, and his soul sincere" might well be the epitaph of George Lansbury, whose simple heart was ever on the side of peace.

He died in the bitter knowledge that the bastions of peace, those walls that he had tried all his life to strengthen, had fallen.

That the ideals of gentleness and liberty that he had upheld all his days were trampled in the mire of Nazi persecution.

And that his fellow-men, whom he had tried to guide in the ways of happiness and serenity, were embarked on a struggle to preserve the freedom that is their birthright.

The world—that hard microcosm of adversity, of materialism and of commercial values—may assess "Our George" of the gentle smile and the steadfast courage, as a failure, a magnificent failure, yet a failure.

He was a failure in the sense that the things for which he strove were spurned by the warmongers. He was a failure because his attempts to convert Europe into a community of peaceful nations failed.

But in the eyes of those who appreciate faith in an ideal, nobility of purpose and a selfless devotion to humanity, George Lansbury stands out as a great man.

His simplicity of soul was the source of his unflagging strength.

Many a man would have abandoned what he believed to be a lost cause.

But not the veteran Labour leader.

In the eventide of life his faith in the ultimate destiny of man was as strong as it was in the days of his young and vigorous manhood.

You may argue that any man battling against heavy odds for the sake of a dominating creed is a fool. You may argue that the mind of man is, and ever will be, governed by material things.

BUT no one can deny the beauty of Lansbury's life. He was true to man, and true to God.

In himself he was a happy man, free from ambition in that ambition is directed towards the amassing of wealth and power.

He was no miser with his happiness.

He passed it on to others; and found greater happiness in their content.

And all the time he clung to his belief that the hearts of men could be changed by the constant preaching of the doctrine of good; that their hearts could be exorcised of evil; and that their souls could be taught to crave the higher virtues of the spirit.

War was a detestation to him, something to be wiped for ever off the face of the earth.

And if all men in all lands had the same courage and unswerving purpose, the arsenals of the world would be scrapped.

All the uneconomic production of the war machines would be diverted into other channels.

There would be no armies, no bombing 'planes, no mighty battleships; instead, the industrial strength of the world would be used for the betterment of the world.

There would be laughter and leisure and happiness.

But such things cannot be until the voices of men like Lansbury are more than voices crying in the wilderness.

They cannot be when whole nations can follow blindly in the path of despotism and dictatorship.

As long as such blind folly persists, as long as men are denied the right to live in freedom and at peace, pacifism must, to succeed, become a militant pacifism.

THE George Lansburys of this imperfect world will continue to preach their doctrine of love and comradeship.

They will carry on, undeterred by the sneers of bellicose man. *And they will fail, as he failed, as long as a few men are permitted to further their lustful ambitions at the expense of the peace and happiness of the world.*

The true pacifist, his mind untainted by thought of personal gain, is, by virtue of his lofty conception of life and living, segregated from the common rut of mankind.

Despite that he remains, in faith and courage, the living expression of what we all might be—*in a world free from the menace of aggression.*

In these dark days no man with faith in the destiny of Britain, and in the ultimate destiny of mankind, can, logically, be a pacifist, standing aside from the struggle we are waging.

I am no pacifist. But I pay tribute to the memory of George Lansbury, who, like Abou Ben Adhem, shall be written down as one that loved his fellow-men.

His ideals will live on, and, please God, one day his faith will be justified.

THIS YEAR

A. G. GARDINER, "the man who is always right," sums up Hitler's latest move, stresses our perils, and predicts a speedy end to the nightmare of war

FATE of mankind and of civilisation is in the balance.

Hitler has launched his lightning war, and by the events of the next few months, perhaps of the next few weeks, the destiny of Europe and of the world will be decided.

For Hitler has gambled everything on a throw. He must sweep the field with his whirlwind or he will pass with his whirlwind away.

Let us seize this fact firmly, for it is the core of this mighty conflict for the soul of the world.

It may be asked why, if he must have a decision this summer, has Hitler delayed his blitzkrieg blow so long?

If he could afford to spend eight months in preparatory skirmishes, is it not evident that he has resources which will enable him to sustain a long war if the lightning stroke does not give him instant victory?

But this is to misunderstand his strategy.

Hitler himself has told us what that strategy is, and though I have quoted the passage before, it is so pertinent now that I will repeat it.

This is what he says:

"Our real war will run its course before the armies meet in the field. We shall not employ mass attacks as in 1914. The system of artillery preparation in trench warfare as a prelude to infantry attack will be replaced in future wars by an undermining of the enemy's morale, and this will be effected by propaganda before the armies have a chance of coming to grips. The enemy nation must be demoralised, ready to capitulate, reduced to complete inertia before one should think of taking any sort of military action. . . . I shall not force my way through the Maginot Line—I shall manœuvre France out of the Maginot Line without losing one of my men. But that's my secret."

But Hitler's war of nerves has not weakened the will or the power of the Allies.

It has strengthened both.

It has consolidated the alliance between Britain and France. It has enabled them to mobilise their resources.

It has given them a breathing-space in which to draw somewhere near level with the enemy in the matter of material power. And it has indisputably enhanced our capacity to meet the shock now that it has come.

Mr. Chamberlain has been much criticised for his remark that "Hitler had missed the bus."

Followed as it was by the invasion of Norway, it certainly seemed unfortunate.

But in the large sense in which Mr. Chamberlain used it, I think it will prove true.

Decoy Failed

Had Hitler launched his lightning war last September he would, in the language of the tennis-court, have caught the Allies very much more on the wrong foot than he does to-day.

And speaking of Norway, let this be said in parentheses: It is fortunate, in the light of

He has energy, courage, and a first-rate mind to support his wide experience of war

HANNEN SWAFFER, mos fe

WINSTON CHURCHILL, by a trick of Fate, is Prime Minister.

He has suceeded the Neville who left him in the wilderness for two years, even after Baldwin had retired.

More than that, he has succeeded the Neville who, because of outside pressure, let him back in the Cabinet when war came—and the Neville he had vainly tried to save only two days before he followed him at Number 10.

The British Constitution, the most resilient set of rules in being, adapted itself perfectly in the hour of crisis.

Less than thirty hours after Chamberlain's resignation became the inevitable result of the Commons vote, the Germans had invaded both Holland and Belgium.

Chamberlain was still seeking in vain support for a new Cabinet.

The Germans were almost at our gates—and we were changing Governments!

Yet, after all Parties had been consulted and Labour had unreservedly placed itself at the disposal of a new Premier, Chamberlain picked up a microphone and told a wondering world what was news to all but a very few—that Winston Churchill had succeeded!

The old Government was to go on, with a new Premier and with the retiring one still in the War Cabinet, until a fresh one had been appointed.

So, without the loss of a second, the national machinery went on revolving. . .

Well, so it was that, at the age of 65, the brilliant son of a brilliant father stepped into a Premiership that for years had seemed out of his reach for ever.

He had been out of office till war came, since 1929—and then his record as Chancellor of the Exchequer, which office he then vacated, was anything but good.

He is the most amazing man in politics—and the most versatile.

He has seen more varieties of warfare than all his colleagues put together—in Cuba, Malakand, Tirah, Khartoum, South Africa and the Great War. Oh,

Now a M

yes! I forgot the Ba Street, at which he ar Secretary.

More than that, he ha ordinary variety of W Besides having been First Admiralty in two majo been Minister of Munit

He has been Presider of Trade, Secretary fo Secretary for War, Char Secretary.

Clever artist, bril amateur bricklayer and most intriguing conver also certainly the first I have a music-hall come law.

Although a descenda Marlborough, and th father's side, of Patric in no sense a snob.

Winston is a good m

I have seen him as t at big banquets—and propose the toast of party given by Charli

MORE THAN ANY VOICE OF EMPIRE WHO, IN SPITE OF SPEECH, A STRANG

R WILL DECIDE

what has happened now, that we did not get too deeply involved there in a military sense.

The invasion of Norway, like the scare in the Mediterranean, was clearly intended by Hitler to draw off our forces from the central stage at the moment when he was preparing to strike there.

We have reason to be grateful that we are not engaged in a major operation in Norway at this moment. Nothing would have suited Hitler's book better than if we had been.

Mammoth Might

In that event, the action of the Government in withdrawing from southern Norway was wise and far-sighted. Let this be said to their credit.

I return to the main theme. Hitler's first gamble has failed.

What is his own position now that he has struck?

If he is to win the war he must win it now, and he must win it by the overwhelming momentum and might of his attack.

He cannot fight a war of attrition, a war of slow manœuvres, a war in which time is not an urgent factor.

Germany was able to do that in 1914. She was then prepared for a long struggle.

She had a prosperous people, great financial resources, a navy second in power only to our own, an army of incomparable training and efficiency.

That is not the position to-day.

It would be folly, of course, to doubt her might. For the purposes of a lightning war she is even more formidable than in 1914.

The fact is due to two things. For seven years Germany has been converted into an arsenal for the production of a war machine that could deliver a lightning blow.

Every element in the nation has been mobilised to this end. Every interest has been sacrificed to this terrific purpose.

No one doubts the magnitude of the achievement, or the awful power of destruction embodied in Hitler's Germany.

The second explanation of Germany's might for a lightning war is the development of the aeroplane.

Hitler, under the inspiration of Goering, saw that the air arm was precisely the weapon for his purpose.

With supremacy in the air he would command an instrument that would dominate armies and navies and prove irresistible in the swift, decisive stroke that he intended to deliver when the hour came.

He had neither the patience, the means, nor the temperament to contemplate a war of attrition. For such a war the Germany of to-day is immeasurably less equal than the Germany of 1914.

Shattered Navy

She has no external financial resources. She has a negligible navy. Her people are impoverished.

Their standard of life and the severities of the industrial system have imposed on them a strain that is near the breaking-point.

They have been reduced to the level of a slave people with all the repressed anger which such a condition implies.

Moreover, Germany's command of resources necessary for the maintenance of a long war is fatally insufficient. This is so in regard to a multitude of commodities.

It is especially so in the case of the most vital commodity of all—oil.

The consumption of oil in the mechanised army of to-day is incredibly beyond what it was in the army of 1914.

"A typical world Power division in 1914,"

A. G. G. says that victory lies in the spirit of the people

says one of the most eminent authorities on the subject, "had 4,000 horse-power. The modern mechanised division, with its tanks, supply trucks, transport trucks, caterpillars, motor-mounted guns, etc., requires 187,000 horse-power, generated by Diesel fuel or gasolene.

Most imperative of all is abundance of oil for the weapon on which Hitler relies to win him victory.

In this case, not only must there be abundance, but it must be high-octane gasolene which, owing to its tendency to lose quality, cannot be long stored and the chief source of which is America, which is "out of bounds" to Germany.

It is calculated by the authority I have quoted that, apart from what she has in her limited storage, Germany has less than one barrel of every three barrels of oil she needs.

And the blockade cuts her off from every adequate source.

It follows from this that Hitler must win with his lightning blow or lose the war. He cannot sustain a prolonged war. He knows this, and, knowing it, will assuredly stop at no horror that he can let loose upon us.

Only one thing can give him victory. That is, his supremacy in the air. And it has yet to be proved that the air arm alone can win wars.

It has not done so in China. It was long before it was effective in Spain. It defeated the Abyssinians.

But in all these cases there was little or no defence.

Stand Firm!

We have a powerful and growing defence. But it is in the spirit of our peoples that our confidence in victory rests.

This is a war unlike anything in history and its horrors engulf us all. It is not confined to armies in the field. Its hot breath sweeps over the lines of battle, leaving flaming cities in its wake and inflicting indiscriminate slaughter on the armed and unarmed, the old and the young, women and children.

Its aim is not to win pitched battles, but to spread panic and fear among nations, to break the morale of peoples and to win victory by terror.

Let us stand firm in this great hour. Let us bear any sacrifice rather than yield.

And let us remember that, if we survive the present shock, the hideous nightmare of Hitlerism will perish from the earth.

---

s fearless critic of the old Government, says that—

ow We Have Man o' War

the Battle of Sidney he arrived as Home

t, he has filled an extra- y of Whitehall posts. b n First Lord of the wo major wars, he has f munitions in one. P sident of the Board et y for the Colonies, ar Chancellor and Home

t, brilliant historian, ye and, in his moods, a c versationalist, he is he rst Prime Minister to all comedian as a son-in-

les endant of the great an therefore, on his f trician stock, he is sno.

good mixer.

im s the honoured guest s— nd I have seen him ast of "Our Host" at a Charlie Chaplin.

N ANYONE, HE IS THE EM IRE, AN ORATOR TE OF A DEFECT OF STRANGE HUSKINESS,

HAS A CHOICE OF WORDS THAT MAKES LISTENING TO HIM A DELIGHT.

Mind you, he nearly missed the Premiership.

Two nights before he succeeded Chamberlain he did two things—he nearly involved himself too deeply in the blame for Norway and he seriously annoyed the Labour Party by being quite unnecessarily rude to Emanuel Shinwell.

Still, nearly everyone was rude that night—and lots of Ministers got blamed for all sorts of things.

Well, the Wheel of Fortune goes round. Events change like a kaleidoscope while it turns. And so the future is hard to read.

So it is that, less than two years ago, I wrote in JOHN BULL these words:

"No, Winston Churchill will never now be Prime Minister. The truth is that he is too clever. The present Cabinet, almost to a man, is so afraid of him that he cannot get back."

Then he would have made, when at last we were rearming, an ideal Minister of Defence.

But because of his independence, his hatred of Munich, his loathing of Nazis whom Neville was then seeking to appease, Winston's political fortunes seemed at an end.

Then war came—and national feeling forced Winston on a Chamberlain who, anyway, could not have done without him.

For months the Premier's speeches cast a gloom over the country—and yet, every time Winston spoke, the country took heart again.

Now the cigar has succeeded the umbrella—a man of action has gone to a post hitherto filled by complacency.

And, by a complete somersault brought about by war, Winston will now have in his Cabinet men who, in the "General Strike" of 1926, were his bitter foes.

He, ruthlessly, did more than any one man to smash the men into subjection.

Now, Winston is Premier because, while Labour leaders would not join a Cabinet headed by Chamberlain, they did not mind being led by Churchill.

They had forgiven him. We do not long, in Britain, bear grudges.

Winston may make mistakes, as War Premier. Anyway, he will act.

Wars are won by the side that makes the fewest blunders—and the best rule is never to make the same one twice.

We wish him, in his hour of supreme test, good health.

We know he has vigour. We know he has guts. We know he has a mind of his own.

And we know that he is not afraid of all the Nazis in the world.

Britain, re-encouraged by his accession to supreme power, will follow him gladly.

His teeth are "white lies"

Nice chap. Got the kind of smile that knocks the girls all of a heap But it's a "white lie" smile! A dangerous smile! For behind those handsome teeth unpleasant tartar, out of sight, forms slowly but surely. Talk about a case for Solidox . . . !

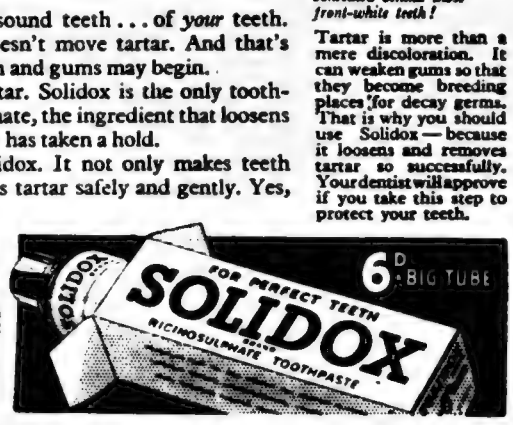
Tartar is the enemy of sound teeth . . . of *your* teeth. Ordinary daily cleaning doesn't move tartar. And that's how serious trouble for teeth and gums may begin.

But Solidox removes tartar. Solidox is the only toothpaste to contain Ricinosulphate, the ingredient that loosens tartar and removes it once it has taken a hold.

Dentists approve of Solidox. It not only makes teeth gleaming white but removes tartar safely and gently. Yes, you'll like using Solidox.

The dentist's mirror shows the danger that's concealed behind those front-white teeth!

Tartar is more than a mere discoloration. It can weaken gums so that they become breeding places for decay germs. That is why you should use Solidox — because it loosens and removes tartar so successfully. Your dentist will approve if you take this step to protect your teeth.



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* * *

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GONE with the JOKE

"Nobody laughed except Old Fathead, and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks."

WILL SCOTT *comes near to divulging Official Secrets in telling this short story of the mysterious arrival of an empty troop train.*

THE fat man glanced out of the carriage window. The outer suburbs were beginning to blot out the fields and the trees. He pulled out his watch and lifted one eyebrow as he looked at the time.

Mr. Bostyn, across the carriage, made a polite noise and the usual enquiry.

"Twelve minutes to go," said the fat man.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bostyn.

The fat man picked up his paper from the floor.

"Extraordinary yarn, this, about the leave train that turned up at Waterloo empty," he said.

"Very extraordinary," agreed Mr. Bostyn. "One of the mysteries of the war."

"One of the jokes of the war," the fat man corrected him.

"Jokes?" said Mr. Bostyn.

"Undoubtedly," said the fat man.

"You mean—you know for a fact?"

"Oh, yes. I had it from a fellow called Nathaniel.

"He runs the Blue Buffet in the station. I don't know if you know it. He gave me the whole story. And there aren't many people who know the whole story, you can take it from me."

"You hear so many stories," said Mr. Bostyn. "All kinds of wild rumours. I mean, for a leave train to turn up absolutely empty—well, that starts people talking, doesn't it?"

"The truth," said the fat man, "is as simple as pie. Talk about laugh. Nathaniel couldn't stop when he told me."

"Really?" said Mr. Bostyn.

"I'll tell you," said the fat man.

He threw his paper aside and lit a cigar.

"It seems there's an old buffer who wanted to do his bit when war broke out. And he came all the way up from Somerset to do it. I don't know what his name is, but he's known at Waterloo as Old Fathead.

"WELL, he came up from Somerset, and at first he was at a loose end as regards doing his bit. He knew it didn't matter much what he did, as long as it was something useful. But what?

"One evening he was at Waterloo Station with ten minutes to spare, and while he was waiting a leave train came in.

"You know how it is. But perhaps you don't. Old Fathead didn't. Lots of people don't. But when a chap's home on leave, with an hour to spare between Waterloo and King's Cross, that hour can drag. Not long enough to do anything with it, if you see what I mean.

"Well, on this particular night there were about half a dozen fellows obviously in a fix like this. Didn't know a soul in London. Didn't know where to go. Didn't know what to do. And an hour to spare.

"Which is where Old Fathead got his chance.

"He picked up these half-dozen fellows and took them into the Blue Buffet and stood them coffee and buns, and told them a few funny stories and saw them on their way to King's Cross.

"Well, that was all right, and at last Old Fathead saw his mission in life. At any rate, for the duration. Meeting lonely soldiers, filling them with coffee and buns, telling them a few funny stories and seeing them off on their way to King's Cross. Which is what he's been doing ever since. Good work!

"Mind, when I say good work, I mean partly. Seeing the fellows in was all right. Seeing them off on their way to King's Cross was all right. The coffee and buns were all right. It was the comic story department that was all wrong. And it's that part which Old Fathead seemed to think was the most important. Keeping 'em merry and bright, you know.

"Unfortunately, Old Fathead, when he heard a story, always missed the point, as a good lot more people do. He just seemed too daft to get the point of any story he heard. And, of course, when he passed it on he passed it on with the point missing. Nobody laughed, naturally. Except Old Fathead. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Well, this didn't matter much at first. The boys used to stand for the hopeless stories because of the coffee and buns. But after a bit they began to be enterprising. When Old Fathead had been on the job about a couple of months he'd become an institution with the B.E.F. Thousands of the lads in France who'd never been home on leave had heard about Old Fathead and his stories that had no point.

"AND, of course, as soon as they *got* leave they used to make a beeline for him at Waterloo and join his family party in the Blue Buffet. It added to Nathaniel's work if it did nothing else.

"Where was I? Oh, yes—enterprising. They passed the word on, and now, instead of letting Old Fathead finish his stories in his own way, they used to take 'em up when he began to wander and finish 'em for him. With the right endings.

"All the lads together, mind. All finishing Old Fathead's stories for him at the tops of their voices. Nathaniel tells me you could hear it sometimes a quarter of a mile away from Waterloo Station!

"And, of course, Old Fathead never saw they were pulling his leg. He put the din down to his personal popularity. And he was so self-satisfied as he beamed all over the place that he never troubled to listen to the right endings to his stories which the boys shouted at him. So he was as wise when they finished as he was when he started.

"Anyhow, this had been going on for months—ever since the war started, pretty nearly. And naturally time brings changes, as somebody else once said.

"At first it was, 'Have you met Old Fathead at Waterloo?—the man who never sees the point of a story!' Then it was, 'I say, we mustn't miss Old Fathead at Waterloo.' But later on it became, 'I suppose we've got to endure Old Fathead at Waterloo.'

"Because the joke, like lots of jokes, was wearing a bit thin, and Old Fathead was becoming a bit more than the boys could endure, coffee and buns notwithstanding.

"BUT the real trouble about this leave train which got itself in the papers was this. All the lads on this train without exception, had been on leave twice before. They were looking forward to their third dose of Old Fathead. And it was more than they could stand. He had got the name now of being the biggest bore in Britain.

"They knew that if once they got to Waterloo they'd have to go through with it. He'd be at the barrier waiting for them, surrounded by quite a crowd—because he'd become an institution with the general public as well by now. It would look so ungrateful if they turned him down.

"So one of them got an idea, and he went round with the hat. It worked out at only a copper or two each and they got five pounds in no time. And as soon as they got the five pounds the ringleader invested it in one pull of the communication cord.

"And the train stopped at a small station about five minutes out of Waterloo, and they all got out and streaked for King's Cross through the back streets without ever touching Waterloo at all. Dodging that boring Old Fathead was a good five quids' worth in their opinion."

"Really," said Mr. Bostyn. "There were all kinds of stories going about."

"That's the true one," said the fat man. He added: "You'd think a damned old fool would know he was a damned old fool, wouldn't you?"

The train stopped and the fat man got out.

So did Mr. Bostyn.

*

MR. BOSTYN went into the Blue Buffet.

"Nathaniel," he said, "what gave you the idea that I come from Somerset?"

"Don't you?" said Nathaniel.

"Dorset," said Mr. Bostyn.

"Same thing, isn't it?" said Nathaniel.

"There is all the difference in the world," said Mr. Bostyn. "All the difference in the world. Which reminds me of a story. Still, I'll wait till the leave train's in—then I can tell you and the boys together. Saves telling it twice.

Wouldn't Adolf Like This!

PROBABLY the richest half a square mile in the world, the hub of the British Empire, is now embedded with valuables worth £200,000,000. Below an area in the middle of London surrounded by Lower Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, King Street, Berkeley Square and Grosvenor Square and Oxford Street there is buried a treasure trove that would make Ali Baba's cave look as superficial as the tinsel on last year's Christmas tree.

It is here that some of Britain's great wealth has been buried, a precaution against the time when Hitler might try to prove that there "are no longer any islands."

All the world knows "Sotheby's"—the sale room where treasures of antiquity are sold in lots at prices that stagger even millionaires—and it is through the door of the famous saleroom that you go to reach the old tunnel, once the deepest cellar of an old inn in Bond Street.

A rival treasure trove is the square mile of the City proper, which includes the vast vaults of the Bank of England, much publicised yet never inspected by any save the staff of the bank.

The treasure there is solid gold.

Another store lies deep below Lombard Street, once the richest street in the world, and the birthplace of British banking.

Here are the head offices of the Big Five and other great clearing banks—each with its own private treasure vaults of steel and concrete—as well as Dominion, American and Continental banks.

This centre receives daily a steady flow of wealth, the collected savings of millions of people all over the country, and from this central vault comes the money loaned to trade and industry.

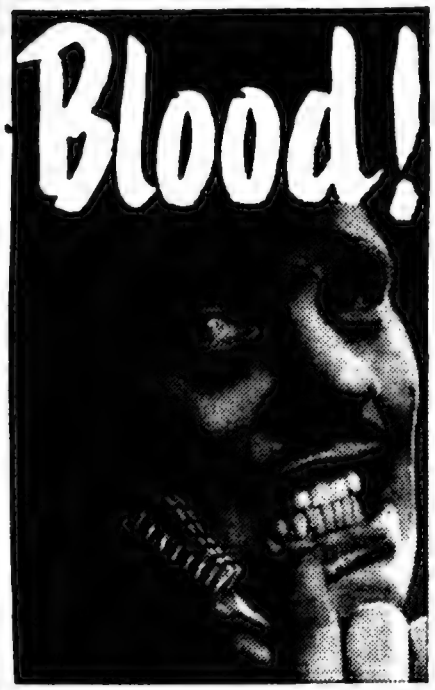
The City is a repository of treasures simply because of her geographical position and an unimpeachable integrity maintained by generations of great merchants, whose knowledge and long experience have created the most efficient machinery for attracting buyers and sellers.

"Oh, what a city to sack!" sighed Kaiser Wilhelm, when he rode through London shortly before the outbreak of the last war.

Treasures presented to the British Crown throughout the centuries—Windsor Castle alone held jewellery and antiquities worth £10,000,000—have been removed to safety under the strictest secrecy.

Great picture galleries have bare walls to-day where last year hung masterpieces, each worth a fortune, and the hiding-places are known to fewer than six people in the whole country.

During the last war, the British Regalia was taken for safety to Aberystwyth. Where the most valuable pieces of the Regalia are to-day no man knows save a few trusted officials.



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WHEN your gums begin to bleed—look out! It's the first sign of gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis)—the first sign that your teeth are in danger.

What to do? Simple! Use Gibbs S.R. right away. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which dentists use for treating these diseases. Use it at home yourself, and use it twice daily. It's a prevention *and* a cure. Use it to make and keep your gums healthy. And remember that healthy gums mean sound, white teeth.

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★ Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

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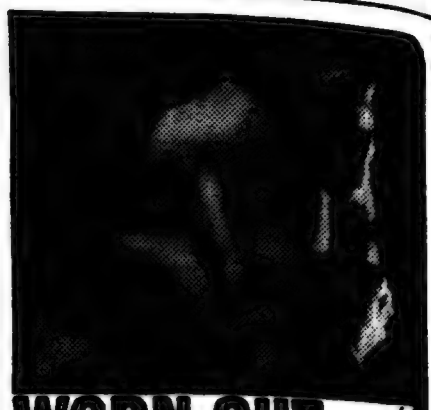

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Cheerful in one minute. From the very first sip Wincarnis makes you feel life is worth living. It pours iron, rich beef and malt extracts and two kinds of vitamins into your system—builds up your stamina RIGHT AWAY. *Wincarnis is backed by 26,000 medical recommendations.*

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If you take Beechams Pills you will feel so much younger, livelier and happier. Your skin will freshen, your eyes will brighten—and every day your system will function gently and naturally—*as it should*. Beechams Pills are purely vegetable, famous for ninety years.

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Worth a guinea a box

SHE IS SCARED AT FORTY

HUMANIST faces frankly the delicate question of women and their age.

HERE'S a problem sent by a woman who is scared of growing old.

"To me it is a rather frightening thought," she says. "The years seem to pass so quickly, and at forty you suddenly realise that you are in the second half of the game.

"When I was about twenty my grandparents died, and I took that for granted. Quite recently my parents followed them.

"Then it flashed into my mind that I am in the next 'wave,' and frankly it alarms me. I know it is bound to happen. The prospect before me is—Old Age. I am depressed whenever I think of it.

"I wish you would say something to quieten my fears and give me courage to face the inevitable."

None of us can stop the march of time But we can alter our attitude towards the problem.

For one thing, we can expect to live longer than our grandparents. For another we don't begin to feel old till a much later date.

When we were children thirty seemed a great age—the end of all that mattered.

As we approached thirty the end was still receding like the horizon. The road goes on. We pass thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty—and still the going is good.

What *is* there to fear?

Remember Browning's poem:

Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be.

I recommend all who are scared of growing old to read that poem every day for a month.

An Indian woman now living in England sees it in another light.

"Why," she writes, "are English women so eager to be thought younger than they really are?

"In my country age is regarded as an added dignity. Here it seems to be thought shameful.

"Once on being introduced to an English woman I enquired how old she was. There was an ominous hush, and she looked extremely embarrassed.

"Somewhat reluctantly she confessed to being thirty-five. Eager only to be helpful, I replied gently, 'Never mind—you look quite fifty.'

"The woman became indignant, and I sensed that I had made a terrible mistake.

"My remark would have been quite polite in the East, but here it seems to be almost an insult.

"Age is so beautiful and fascinating. It seems such a pity that women want to run away from it."

The Eastern point of view is reasonable when you think calmly about it; yet it is difficult to explain our fear of old age. I imagine it is partly due to Western ideas of love and matrimony.

It is assumed that the young have all the advantages, that after a certain age a woman is out of the competition.

"It seems such a pity that women should run away from it . . ."

Romance is thought to be impossible. In the East, nearly every woman marries as a matter of course. That gives old age a chance of being held in respect and veneration.

On the other hand, I receive terrible letters about old persons who are cantankerous, ungrateful and bullying.

If experience breeds wisdom every old man should be serene as a perfect autumn day.

Physical powers wane with advancing years. Yet mental powers are often unimpaired.

My old schoolmaster had a theory that mental powers survive in old age because they do not begin to exist until about the age of eighteen!

● *HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.*

*

Let's get away from the problem of age and turn to a man whose wife has let him down in the handling of money.

"Believing that trust should be implicit in marriage, my wife has been Chancellor of the domestic exchequer without supervision or audit for years.

"According to her occasional information we had by abstinence and good management saved a little.

"When misfortune knocked at the door (and nearly demolished the house) I discovered that the fund was a fiction.

"I used a thousand threats—and then, knowing the quality of my wife, I tried forgiveness as a remedy.

"Now I want to know whether my name is Simple Simon or am I, like Oliver Twist, asking for more?"

The man is upset by his discovery, but he has not lost his sense of humour.

The wife should have control of housekeeping expenses, and a grant for her personal needs, but if she cannot put the surplus aside for emergencies then the husband should assume the responsibility.

There are people who cannot bear to save, and even though we may admire their generosity we cannot trust them to take care for the future.

I get scores of letters from married women who have overspent and dare not tell their husbands. Some of them have made things worse by borrowing.

A debt is like a leak in a ship.

You may pretend it is not there, but there comes a time when it cannot be ignored.

You have to deal with it at once, unless you are willing to go under.

Voice of the People

● Black Hole Bakeries must go
● Are M.P.'s Wives Too Extravagant?
● One C.O.'s Application costs £37 5s.
● Reserved Jobs Racket Flourishing

IMAGINE working beside a huge oven with the windows blacked out. That's how men have had to work in night bakeries this winter, with perspiration streaming down their arms into the dough.

As their plight will be still worse this summer, surely night baking could be abolished during the war.—Mrs. M. Knowles, Drummond Avenue, Layton, Blackpool.

More especially, as Lord Woolton points out, that new bread is wasteful.

Idiot Legislation

MY Member of Parliament urges economy in our private lives to conserve our gold and win the war. And I judge by his clothes that he practices what he preaches.

But, since the war began, I have seen pictures of his much-photographed wife in seven different "creations."—Mrs. M., London

We can't afford to buy sugar in foreign markets, yet we have women buying foreign corsets at more than six guineas a pair. Sometimes six pairs a year. It isn't class legislation. It's idiot legislation.

Coming to Earth

SPENT bullets fall to earth at the rate of 300 feet a second. They hit a person a blow equivalent to a forty-pound weight dropping on him a distance of a foot.

Perhaps knowledge of these figures will dissuade people from gaping in the streets during an air raid.—Molly Hayter, High Street, Downton, Wiltshire.

It won't convince them. They don't know what it feels like to be hit by a forty-pound weight!

Last War Notes

NOW we have new Treasury notes the authorities can stop hoarding and end the confusion of having two sets of notes in use at one time by announcing that the old notes will not be negotiable after a certain time.—R. Wellas, Grange Road, Woodthorpe, Notts.

Manager of a Covent Garden bank told "John Bull" he still gets old Bradburys of the last war. Takes a few days over cashing them (except for known customers) and makes a small charge for the service.

They Don't Mind

MAKE every alien resident here take an oath of loyalty for the duration of the war. Not an oath suggesting they have given up their own nationality, but strong enough to ensure they are not Fifth Columnists.—H. J. Reynolds, Central Buildings, London, S.W.1.

Nazis would be the first to take such an oath. Instructions from Germany tell them to affect love for the country they are in, always remembering they are good Germans.

Farmer Gunmen

UNDER the Rook Order, 1940, the Government can deal drastically with farmers who don't shoot rooks on their land within a specified time limit.

But the same Government doesn't tell those farmers where they can buy shotgun cartridges. Through the war they are unprocurable in many districts.—S. P., Cumbernauld Road, Millerston, Glasgow.

Thanks to Danes

KEEPING newspaper cuttings is a fascinating hobby.

One in my collection tells me that Denmark refused (at Geneva in April, 1935) to condemn Germany for breaking the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty.

● *This is YOUR corner — a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

She thinks differently now!—R. L., Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth

Germany thanked Denmark at the time, said warmly, "We shall never forget."

War Time Epidemics

WAR produces epidemics because rationing lowers the vitality.

So away with rationing.

Get the food here whatever the effect on the pound sterling no matter how many food-ships you require.—G. Smith, Tudor Road, Leicester

An erroneous view: 87 per cent. of the people benefit from rationing. War produces epidemics because youths from remote hamlets who have never come in contact with germ-carriers (and haven't become self-inoculated, like most of us) meet carriers and become infected.

Plumber's Mate

I KNOW a young man of independent means who has arranged with a master plumber to do a few days' work a week for him (for no payment, I assume) so that he can belong to a reserved occupation and so dodge military service.

Is there no check on such people?—E. C. S. M., Bar Lane, Nottingham.

When the shortage of man-power became acute in the last war, there were all sorts of round-ups, and no doubt history will be repeated.

Almost a Record

THIS village school, local population 220, runs a War Savings Group. From April to July of last year £5 2s. was collected in small sums.

Since the war £140 14s. has been collected

It may not constitute a record, but it shows the sterling worth of country folk and the whole-hearted way they are giving support to the National Savings Movement.—Miss M. Howell, Head Teacher, Colwinston School, near Cowbridge, Glam.

National Savings Committee says: "It must be almost a record."

Conscience Money

IT costs £37 5s. to try the case of a conscientious objector. Surely, if a man's conscience does not allow him to fight it should also trouble him about wasting the taxpayers' money?

He should be compelled to pay the costs of his own trial.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield

Clinking Glasses

WHEN drinking a toast to our Fighting Forces, few people know why men clink their glasses. When you drink a toast you drink to good health—and good health consists of tasting, smelling, seeing and hearing.

Thus you can see your drink, you can taste it, you can smell it—but you cannot hear it, and so the glasses are clinked. — V. Abbott, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling.

"Now, more than ever before, I'm thankful for this easy Beauty care."

SAYS **LADY DOVERDALE**

Lady Doverdale has taken up nursing as her war-work. She says: "Life is so busy that I haven't time for beauty treatments. So now, more than ever, I'm thankful for Pond's Creams—they keep my skin beautifully soft and smooth."

Analysis of **LADY DOVERDALE'S** *features*

(1) *Shape of Face:* Heart-shaped, with a broad, smooth brow.
(2) *Eyes:* Large, blue-grey, fringed with long, dark, curling lashes; the eyelids smooth and delicate.
(3) *Cheeks:* Smooth, rounded, with transparently fair skin.
(4) *Nose:* Straight, with very white skin. No large pores or blackheads.
(5) *Mouth:* Attractively wide with turned-up corners.
(6) *Chin:* Short and well-modelled, with velvety white skin.
(7) *Hair:* Bright and silky, worn in loose brown curls on the neck.

Smoothly perfect as magnolia petals, Lady Doverdale's lovely complexion owes much to Pond's Creams. For, as she has proved, these creams create and enhance skin-loveliness, making it fine and smooth, keeping it healthy and free from blemishes, preserving its own natural colour.

Use Pond's Creams daily and see how little lines are smoothed away—how quickly blackheads vanish and coarse pores close up! See sallowness vanish, leaving your complexion fresh and clear. In just a few weeks your skin will have the lovely radiance that springs from perfect health.

Pond's Cold Cream is for cleansing your skin—use it every night. Pond's Vanishing Cream is for daytime use—it protects the skin, smooths away roughness, makes powder cling for hours . . . Pond's Creams are sold in tubes (handy for travelling) and jars.

AHA, SOAP FLAKES FOR WASHING-UP! THESE PEOPLE ARE ROLLING IN MONEY. ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON!
JOEY
YOU'RE COCK-EYED! THESE ARE SYLVAN FLAKES! YOU GET HALF AS MUCH AGAIN FOR YOUR MONEY AND THEY'RE EASY ON THE HANDS

Use SYLVAN FLAKES for washing-up and you'll save your hands as well as your pocket

WHEN you use Sylvan Flakes for washing-up, your dishes and silverware come out clean and lustrous. There's no soda in Sylvan Flakes to roughen and redden your hands. And as for economy—well, with Sylvan Flakes you get half as much again for the same money. When you go shopping today, ask to see the giant pack of Sylvan Flakes—see what a huge packet you get. Take a packet home—use Sylvan Flakes for washing-up. You'll realise how Sylvan Flakes save your hands *and* your pocket.

SYLVAN FLAKES *for washing-up*

Get the Giant Pack 1/. Other economical sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

A GREAT OFFER TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

If you are a victim of ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, BILIOUSNESS, GRIPING PAIN or GASTRIC BLOOD you MUST try MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder! Then you WILL get relief!! But you must make absolutely sure that you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. This is sold only under the offer of "money back if not satisfied." If a 1/3 bottle does not bring you relief, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. *But you must get the remedy made by* Macleans Ltd.

We cannot guarantee any other. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine if the signature "Alex. C. Maclean." appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

ALSO IN HANDY TABLET FORM IN POCKET TINS 6, 9 & 1/3 IN BOTTLES 1/3 2/- & 5/-

What to do for your RHEUMATISM

Doctors know of hundreds of cases of rheumatism that have arisen as the result of an accumulation of acids and toxins in your system. What does this mean? Simply that your *cleansing organs*—bowels, kidneys and liver—are not doing their job as energetically as they should.

This explains briefly why such amazing curative results are obtained from taking Fynnon Salt, a truly natural cleanser. The wonderful Spa elements in Fynnon Salt—*Sodium, Potassium and Lithium*—keep you "regular" in a way that no ordinary intestinal laxative can, for their benefits extend also to kidneys and liver. Thus, after quite a short course of Fynnon, your system is entirely freed of the impurities which cause the stabbing thrusts, stiffness, and painful locked joints of rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago.

Don't put up with rheumatic torture another day. Begin at once taking a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water each morning, and experience the joy of feeling youthful suppleness and fitness return to your joints and muscles. New Trial Size of Fynnon Salt 6d.; large tin 1/3.

Sensational Change in Face Powder Fashion

No more hard 'made-up' look

NEW POWDER INVISIBLE ON SKIN GIVES MARVELLOUS NATURAL BEAUTY

Smart French women have started a new vogue. They have found a face powder that gives a peach bloom complexion without a trace of shine all day long.

The secret is a new process by which the finest triple silk-sifted powder is blended with Double 'Mousse of Cream'. This latest process—the result of years of research by French Chemists—has now been patented by Tokalon. Poudre Tokalon enables you to say good-bye for ever to shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives you an exquisitely beautiful complexion that stays absolutely "matt" for 8 hours. Neither wind, rain nor perspiration will make your skin shine if you use the Tokalon "matt-finish" powder. It gives a fresh rose-petal loveliness that will make you twice as fascinating. Ask for Poudre Tokalon—made in twelve exquisite new shades. 6d. Triple size 1/-

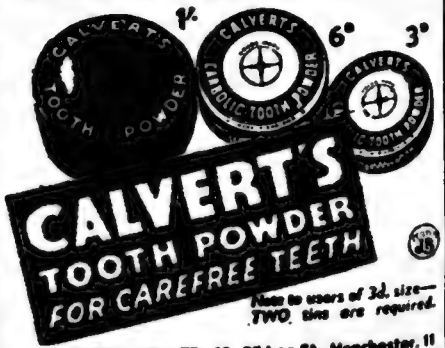
Carefree Teeth FOR YOU *and a* FREE TIN FOR YOUR FIGHTING MAN

Dentists always use powder to clean teeth. Use Calvert's Tooth Powder and you'll learn the reason! Calvert's being a powder reaches and thoroughly cleanses the danger spots of the mouth—those hard-to-get-at crevices between the teeth which are all-important. Calvert's Tooth Powder also polishes and protects the teeth and leaves your mouth fresh, healthy and sweet.

Here's a scheme you'll want to know more about. You can help your friends in the Forces to enjoy "carefree teeth" too! Whether they are in training or "somewhere in France," you can send them a free tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder when you next buy one for yourself. Read about this great offer and get your tin today.

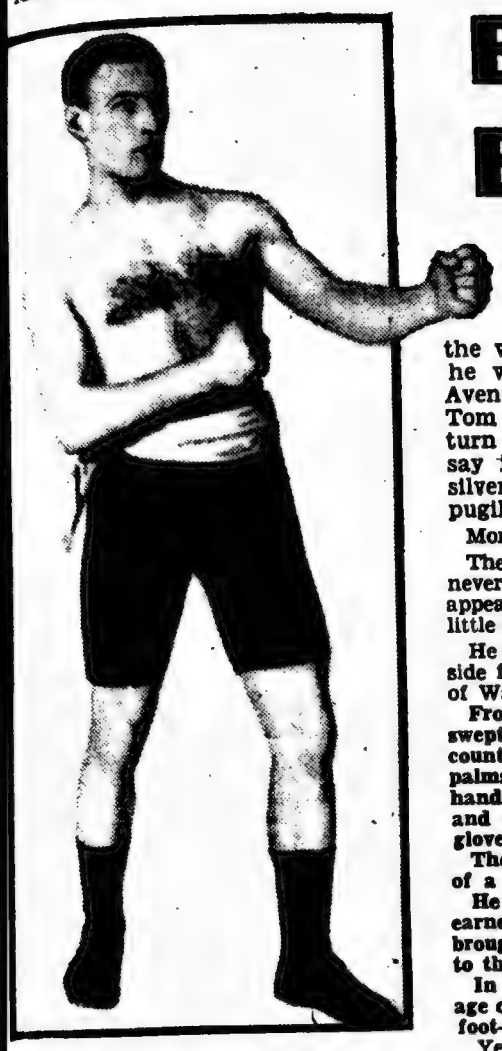
CUT THIS OUT for future reference

INSTRUCTIONS
1. Buy a 1/- or 6d., or two 3d. tins of Calvert's Tooth Powder from your usual Chemist or Store.
2. When you have emptied the container return it to us at the address below. (Postage 2½d.)
3. Enclose your name and address.
4. Enclose also the name, number, rank and full address of the person to whom the Tooth Powder is to be sent.
5. Enclose a 1d. stamp for postage and packing.



Note to users of 3d. size—TWO tins are required.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. LTD., 12, Gibbon St., Manchester, 11



Tom Thospher Thomas, rugged, taciturn, the farmer forerunner of the boxers who have brought fame to Wales

BOXER-HERMIT TRAINS BY PLOUGHING

A. W. HELLIWELL continues his stories of "Giants of the Ring" by introducing the fighting farmer from the mountains who engraved Wales on the boxing map

WHEN a young fighter known to all boxing fans hailed me from the wheel of the super-motor that he was driving down Shaftesbury Avenue, I suddenly wondered what Tom Thospher Thomas, dour, taciturn father of Welsh boxing, would say if he were introduced to the silver-plated life of the modern pugilist.

Money meant nothing to him.

The bright lights of the West End never tempted him, and between his appearances in the ring the world saw little of him.

He lived alone on a bleak mountain-side farm high above the smoky valleys of Wales.

From dawn to dusk he tilled the wind-swept land, and the soil of his native country was deeply grimed into the palms of his big hands, so firm on the handle of a ploughshare, so relentless and destructive when laced in boxing gloves.

Thomas never quibbled over the size of a purse.

He was content with the living he earned from his mountain farm, and he brought neither romance nor glamour to the ring.

In the presence of anyone over the age of ten in skirts he became a nervous, foot-shuffling silence.

Yet how he could fight!

It was this rugged, sturdy farmer—forerunner of such champions as Peerless Jim Driscoll, Freddy Welsh and Jimmy Wilde—who first put Wales on the boxing map.

Tom began fighting when he was eighteen. He first became heavyweight champion of Rhondda Valley, then boxed at the National Sporting Club, where he won a middleweight competition.

This success sent him to the professional ring, and he began his career by scoring three swift knock-out victories.

He packed a paralysing punch in either hand and he was never knocked out in twelve years of scrapping. Only one of his first twenty-one contests went to a points decision. After that he knocked out his next sixteen opponents, most of them in two or three rounds.

Then the fighting farmer was matched with smiling Patrick O'Keefe, happy-go-lucky, hard-hitting London Irishman.

O'Keefe, a whirlwind scrapper, fought like a Kilkenny cat without ever losing for a single instant the good-tempered grin for which he was famed. He was as voluble and full of high spirits as Thomas was silent and reserved, but as far as fighting was concerned no two men could have been more evenly matched.

IN weight, height, reach and ability there was little or nothing to choose between them, and for the first time in his career the man from the Welsh mountains found himself facing an opponent who did not sag under his sledgehammer blows.

O'Keefe gave as good as he got, and for fifteen rounds they battered each other in one of the grimmest bouts ever seen at the National Sporting Club.

It was the Irishman's big chance.

He had smashed his way through a hard, rough school, and he was prepared to fight until he dropped. The defeat of Thomas would have put him at the top of the tree.

He set a breathless pace from the gong.

THOMAS met him with savage, solid punches that shook him from head to foot. It was in this way that the Welshman had stretched many a good man horizontal, but now it was his turn to be surprised. Still grinning, O'Keefe came on for more, swopping blow for blow.

So it went on, a stubborn battle in the style of the old knuckle fighting days.

It was a toe-to-toe slam between the two hardest-hitting middleweights of the day. Both took terrible punishment, yet they were fighting as strongly in the closing minutes as in the opening round.

Towards the end Thomas began to get the upper hand, but he could not find a punch hard enough to put the Irishman down. He had to be content with a narrow points decision.

In the following year, Thomas, then the recognised British champion, won the first of the Lonsdale belts by knocking out Charlie Wilson in two rounds.

He was prouder of that trophy than any other honour he won in the ring, and he was so certain that no one would ever wrest it from him that he had a fine leather case made especially to hold it.

But within a year Thomas, losing for the first and last time, had to hand the prized belt to Jim Sullivan, another Irishman.

HE should never have entered the ring that night. He was crippled with rheumatism, an affliction that had racked his body almost from infancy.

No one guessed the agony he suffered with almost every movement of his limbs, but when the facts came to light the sporting world marvelled at the amazing show he put up against Sullivan's tigerish onslaughts.

Sick though he was, unable to punch properly because of the intense pain, Thomas managed to stay the whole twenty rounds.

There was little to choose between them at the close.

The Welshman fought only once after this.

He knocked out his opponent in one round in his old style, but it was a mere flash in the pan. From then on the dreadful malady from which he suffered steadily took a firmer grip on his stalwart frame.

In the end he was virtually helpless, and he died on that August night in 1911 when the old Wonderland was burned down.

Doomsday Book of Lies

IN Room 355, M.O.I., is being compiled what amounts to a "Black Book" of the most astonishing lies ever told.

The authors of the Book are members of the Anti-Lie Department of the Ministry of Information.

The authors of the lies are the multi-faced Haw-Haws who say "Germany Calling" to the world in a variety of languages.

A telling title for the Book would be "You Fool!—by Haw-Haw," because it is a complete exposure of how the fooling is done by him and his kind.

Any simple, doubting soul can verify this for himself if he commands enough languages to hear Germany Calling the World.

You've only to listen to discover that the technique of these Haw-Haws is as old as the art of lying itself.

If you want to tell a lie about Mrs. Smith, don't tell it to Mrs. Smith, who knows it's untrue, but to Mrs. Jones. She may not be able to contradict it.

If you want to tell a lie to a nation, don't tell it to one that *knows* it's false, but to one that doesn't.

When the Lord Haw-Haws forget this rule they come a cropper, as you will see if you try to spot their obvious lies among the following authentic, choice examples. The *italicised* comments are inserted to help you:

In English to Britain.—"British Ministry of Misinformation has been conducting a systematic campaign of frightening British women and girls about the danger of being injured by splinters from German bombs. Women have reacted to these suggestions and alarms by requesting milliners to shape Spring and summer hats out of thin tin plate, which is covered with silk, velvet or other draping material."

Every British woman knows she isn't wearing a tin hat.

"German protection of Denmark sent up British butter prices and caused margarine to be rationed."

British housewives know the Nazi invasion did neither of these things.

In Hungarian to Hungary.—"Since Germany took Norway under her protection, panic is reigning in Scotland. Edinburgh is being evacuated."

They might believe it in Hungary.

In French to France.—"Such a thing as ham is hardly ever seen on the table in England."

English housewives know better.

In Afrikaans to Africa.—"Ex-King Haile Selassie of Abyssinia has sent a message to King Haakon of Norway: 'No one more than I can understand your present position. I, too, was asked to trust the British in 1935.'"

This was a pure jake. It was an "Open Letter" written in an Italian newspaper by the editor to Haile Selassie. Naturally the broadcast was to Africa, and not to Italy, where the public might spot the swindle.

In German to Germany.—"Apart from the Paris Press, one single voice is heard throughout the world, from Buenos Aires to Tokio, expressing admiration for the achievement of the German armed forces" (in occupying Denmark and Norway).

The world, which was conveniently denied this exclusive broadcast to the German people, knows that no part of it, excepting Italy, expressed admiration for the Nazi achievement!

In English to the United States.—"Destruction of the British Grand Fleet has begun step by step."

An American radio announcer replied: "Surely it can't have begun, but must be about over. I have checked up on German claims since the war started and find the Grand Fleet must be already wiped out. Yet it still commands the sea, and British troops land in Norway without opposition, except from the German air force."

In English to Britain.—"U.S. Naval Minister says latest encounters between British warships and German bombers show bombers are more effective than warships."

Spared this fabrication, Americans know that their Minister said air power had not seriously affected British control over the sea lanes of the world.

In Egyptian to Egyptians.—"There is a plague scare in Upper Egypt . . . twenty-three cases, sixteen dead."

Egypt was able to reply officially at once: "No cases of plague whatever."

Now you've spotted the obvious lies among the above, don't think that any in the long run are good lies.

The Anti-Lie Department of the M.O.I. is not compiling its "Black Book" for amusement.

The powerful voice of Britain in twenty languages goes out across the world, informing, contradicting, planning . . . so that the Haw-Haws make fools of themselves and not of you.

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Urinary Troubles

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strain are caused by sluggish or congested kidneys. Frequent or scanty urine with smarting and burning also indicates that the kidneys and bladder are at fault.

BECOME healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, urinary and bladder troubles, disturbed sleep, and other kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Another **CORN** *lifts* **OUT** -thanks to 'FREEZONE'

WHY risk blood-poisoning by using a razor on your corns, or make do with the temporary relief of pads and rings? The very first application of 'Freezone' stops the pain, and within 3 or 4 days the corn shrinks and gets so loose you can actually lift it right out, root and all. Thousands of sufferers testify to the wonderful results of 'Freezone' Corn Remover. Only 1/3d. a bottle at all chemists, and every bottle sold with a money-back guarantee.

TO REMOVE HAIR from arms and legs

New Discovery replaces razor

No coarse regrowth

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream sold everywhere under the trademark New "VEET." Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety-smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New "VEET." Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

FREE Any woman reader can obtain a generous trial tube of New Veet absolutely free. Send 3d. in stamps for postage, packing, etc., Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32P), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

John's head gave Joan a shock *when he came home on leave*

HOW THIN YOU'VE GOT ON TOP JOHN!
THINKS CAN'T LET JOHN GO BALD AT HIS AGE I MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT
YES IT'S WEARING CLOSE FITTING HATS SO MUCH
I'LL PUT THIS SILVIKRIN IN HIS BAG AND MAKE HIM SWEAR TO USE IT
MY HUSBAND IS LOSING HIS HAIR- WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?
SILVIKRIN MADAM, HAS GIVEN WONDERFUL RESULTS
WHY IT IS GROWING JOHN I'M SO GLAD WE HEARD OF SILVIKRIN

IT has been discovered that there are fourteen separate and distinct organic elements in the natural food the hair must have for its healthy growth. These fourteen elements have actually been prepared and combined in Silvikrin in Nature's exact proportions. When the blood stream fails to feed these elements to the hair roots, dandruff, falling hair and even baldness result, and the only thing to do is to use Silvikrin—because it supplies the missing elements necessary for healthy hair growth.

SILVIKRIN LOTION for slight dandruff, falling hair, lank hair, weak hair—the perfect dressing that will restore the health and natural lustre of the hair. Price 1/6, 3/6, and 8/- per bottle.

PURE SILVIKRIN for severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches—threatened baldness. Grows new hair. Bottle 6/-, sufficient for one month. *From all chemists, hairdressers and stores.*

Silvikrin *Does grow hair —and kills dandruff*

L-102-L

SMOKE LLOYDS'

Bondman

-THE COOLEST TOBACCO OF ALL

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA
A fine quality rich Virginia tobacco from the world's most famous plantations. Burns slowly to the last shred. Famous at home and abroad as the coolest smoke of all.
BONDMAN
Rich Dark Virginia
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS LONDON
EMPIRE BLEND
The outstanding example of the wonderfully improved tobaccos that Empire growers are now sending to Britain. Bondman quality, Bondman coolness—at an Empire price.
LLOYDS
EMPIRE BLEND
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS LONDON

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 1/5½ D PER OZ. VACUUM TINS

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such as Eczema, Dermatitis, Irritation and even Bad Legs, Burns, Cuts invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Melbourne, Derbyshire: "*Will you please send me a 3/- tin of HEALO. A friend gave me half a 1/3 tin of your Ointment and it has done my Dermatitis more good than four years' hospital treatment.*" W—— G——

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HEALO OINTMENT

GRIN AND BEAR IT!

Haw-Haw—Dead or Alive!

By OLIVER PLUSH

SOME bright boys of the Pittsburgh Section of the Carnegie Institute have been adding to the gaiety of nations by offering a cool quarter of a million jimmy o' goblins to anyone who will stroll along with Hitler "alive, unwounded and unhurt."

Your Uncle Olly can't compete with such super sums, but just to keep the pot aboiling here are his latest quotations for other notorieties, nonentities and nitwits.

Field-Marshal "Titch".
Goering (with medals) £2,479 18s. 11¾d.
Same Bloke (without medals) .. .. 11¾d.
Admiral Raeder: One bott. meat extract to cure "that sinking feeling."
Dr. "Love 'em and Leave 'em" Goebbels: Pair of second-hand Lie Detectors.
Lord Haw-Haw: Nix (or nearest offer).

Waiting Game

A gallant woman novelist has been charging into the fray in defence of her sex. "Jokes about spinsters waiting for someone to turn up," she thunders, "are quite uncalled for." Well, sister, so are spinsters.

Sound Sense

My old pal Posslethwaite was taken to hospital yesterday suffering with delusions that no one would speak to him. Then they found out that the poor mutt had merely been trying to get in touch with a telephone operator.

Quiet, Please!

Deeply impressed by Lord Horder's insistence that the great enemy of modern life is a nerve-jarring noise, that nitwit nonentity, dear old Professor Sebastian Snurdge, has been carrying out a series of experiments along similar lines.

He now writes to tell me that he has perfected a silencer to be attached to buds in early summer when they are bursting.

Tra-La-La an' All That

Oh goody-goody! I've just read that mayonnaise will be the fashionable shade for summer, and I'm just too thrilled.

Your Uncle Olly has one of those sweet salmon complexions with which it goes so well.

Versonalities

Garrison Theatre's Lieutenant Charles Shadwell
Is known as a fellow whose skill is complete,
For he leads his troops cheerily, and, I may add, well,
Though time is the only thing Charles wants to beat.

Listeners know when his baton he raises,
Success he is certain to score by the "score,"
And so, since he's master of musical phrases,
"Play, Charlie, Play!" is the Garrison's roar.

Fragrant Thought

Flower-beds have been laid out beside each court at a Hollywood lawn tennis club. They planted Lilies of the Volley.

Colour Scheme

A social reformer suggests that it would brighten the lot of prisoners if jails were distempered an attractive pale yellow.

We shall have to call them cream jugs if that happens!

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, I knows the last 'un was the War to end War, but this is just plain blinkin' war, that's all."

THE LAST LAUGH

DICK (Liverpool).—"Most of my work-mates follow horses, but they don't seem to profit by it." They're like us, apparently. The horses we follow usually follow other horses.

R. B. (Ryde).—"Now that I have joined up, anyone can have my houseboat for a song." We must tell the budding soprano next door that it would be an ideal place for her.

M. F. (Leamington).—"I was amazed to see a man sitting in a chair at the corner of the street." Perhaps if you'd looked round the corner you'd have found his wife in a call-box.

D. J. (Romford).—"Hitler said in a recent speech that he has not slept since the outbreak of the war." He ought to try counting some of his black sheep.

J. S. (Coventry).—"The boss often says I am too tired to stand up." Do you take that lying down?

Miss M. (Hatfield).—"I am not the kind of girl who cries if I can't get what I want." What do you do—scream?

A. L. (Leeds).—"It would be a good thing if Britain understood Italy's foreign policy." It would be better if Italy did.

I. Y. (Chard).—"It is said that Dr. Goebbels is very good at drawing." On his imagination.

G. F. (Alnmouth).—"To my mind, business at this period of affairs needs more confidence." And fewer confidence men.

JEANNE (Pinner).—"I've been intending to tease my boy friend about his new moustache." It's been on your lips several times?

MANAGER (Bury).—"The conjurer I engaged for my tour was so bad that I had to sack him within a week." He even made the audiences disappear?

CROONER (Mirfield).—"I got into difficulties with the words of a popular song I was singing, so the audience obligingly helped me out." Of the theatre?

BERTIE (Mayfair).—"Things are looking up a little for me at last." Beginning to take the bills out of the envelopes?

MARKET GARDENER (Kent).—"I estimate that insect pests cost me about £40 a year." We've several we can let you have cheap.

AUTHOR (Bristol).—"What did you do with that article I sent you on the importance of saving waste paper?" Saved it.

D. M. (Pinner).—"We went for our first picnic of the year the other day and had a corking time." Or do you mean an uncorking time?

E. B. (London, W.).—"When I lifted the receiver in a public call-box, elevenpence in coppers fell from the instrument." This may be part of a G.P.O. campaign to popularise the telephone.

P. D. (Romsey).—"What exactly is meant by a living wage?" Well, it seems to depend on whether one is receiving or paying it.

T. H. (Tamworth).—"In view of the summer holidays, can you tell me where the safest seaside resort is to be found?" Yes, on the coast.

V. R. (Rainham).—"I always think very carefully over what I am going to say before I put pen to paper." Which probably explains why you wrote to us in pencil.

A. W. (Newport).—"Wasn't it strange for the doctor to tell me that, if I wanted to slim I must exercise by shaking my head slowly from side to side?" Perhaps he meant only when you're at the bar.

R. B. (Faversham).—"In my garden I have put nest-boxes for the tits and old tins and kettles for the robins." Why not some empty clocks for the cuckoos?

D. N. (Esher).—"An Aberdeen man has traced a thousand living relatives." Just a cautionary measure in case one of them wins a football pool?

MAGISTRATE (Birmingham). — "One of the men charged with burglary said he used to be a strong man in a circus." Hence his weakness for lifting things.

D. B. (Burnley).—"A mosquito generally flies at about 200 m.p.h." But it can pull up in its own length when it spots a picnic in full swing.

SOPRANO (Halifax).—"When my turn came to sing again, what do you think they wanted to hear?" The next item on the programme.

SERGEANT J. (East Coast).—"After the match between the two battalions, both teams tipped the referee." Into a pond?

E. B. (Cambridge).—"When learning to punt, the hands should not be too far away from the end of the pole." Or the feet too far away from the end of the boat.

S. B (Exeter).—"I watched a nightingale singing this morning as the branch on which it was perched swayed about perilously in the wind." We feared it would not be long before our feathered songster went in for swing music!

A. B. (Bromley).—"I am beginning to wonder what she really thinks of me, because on several occasions she has looked me up." And down?

BERYL (Bedford).—"I advise land girls to be quite sure they can make good their escape before entering a field with a bull in it." A much wiser plan than letting the question resolve itself into a toss-up.

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Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"The only result was the FOUNDING of one man."

WATERFORD NEWS:—"Any GODS may be sent to —— on any of the carts of the local coal merchants."

DORSET DAILY ECHO:—"Use equal quantities of shin of BEEF, scrag end of mutton and knuckle of veal."

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"The Paris 'Journal' asks whether the attack was not deliberately provoked by the RICH as a prelude to a great offensive."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"He had occasion to interview the defendant about a St. Bernard DOG."

NORTHAMPTON CHRONICLE AND ECHO:—"The presentation was made after tea, at which Miss Winifred —— sang a SOLE."

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ONE-PIP ADVENTURERS

Fighting veterans all, men of the Officers' Emergency Reserve hurried back from the Outposts of the Empire when war was declared so that they might show the new generation of soldiers how to keep alight the flame of courage

RECRUITS to the British Army—men of twenty-six and twenty-seven—will find a new type of officer in command. They are men of the Officers' Emergency Reserve, and, in striking contrast to the youthful second-lieutenants of the last war, they are grey-haired subalterns, juniors with many years of civilian adventure behind them

Thirty thousand of them rushed to enrol when war was declared. Only ten thousand were accepted.

They came from the East, from outposts of the British Empire, from the City, from the back-blocks and the remote islands of the tropics.

Their training has been the same as the militia, ten years and more their junior.

They are rich men, poor men, men who have roughed it in every part of the globe, and there are some strange tales told in the officers' messes in the Army these days. All of them are true.

The lanky, sun-burned second-lieutenant, wearing the ribbon of a foreign country on his new uniform, was a major last time, promoted at the end of 1917 after rising from the ranks.

He is content to be a junior subaltern now, yet his life story would make a book of adventure

"When war broke out," he says, "I knew nothing about it. . . I grew tired of civilisation as we knew it in 1933. I had always been interested in Africa—the Africa that few know even to-day. I had heard of a race of giants five hundred miles inland from the Bight of Benin, on the West Coast.

"Stories about them fascinated me. I had an urgent desire to know all about them, to live with them. I never wanted to bring that information back to Europe

"I realised that I was saying good-bye to Europe for ever when I sailed for West Africa for the last time

"I found my giants. I lived with them. I was happy. I stayed there six years, and at Christmas, 1939, I had no thought in my mind of returning to England.

"They were the most wonderful race of human beings I have ever known. I was studying their habits, and I was content to stay among them for the rest of my life.

"It was on Christmas Day that I received the news that 'the white man was at war.' The news had come by word of mouth, by bush telegraph, by a hundred different methods, through the dense jungles.

"Those people among whom I had made my life seemed to watch me more anxiously during the next three days. They seemed to know what I was thinking.

"On the fourth day I told them to pack my few belongings and transfer them to the canoes. I came back to Europe—to the parade ground.

"To-day, the giants of Central Africa seem remote, not very important. . . ."

That man now has the bare barrack-square, not the steaming jungle. But he is happy in his new rank.

He is working for Britain.

* * *

A VAST change has taken place in the life of the short, well-groomed second-lieutenant who so studiously reads the military manuals in his spare time.

He draws a daily wage of eleven shillings. Yet his income was ten thousand a year.

A month's Army pay used to be a tip for an hotel hall porter.

These youngsters, now fighting fit, have become devoted to the veteran soldier-adventurers who have had so much to do with their training

His values have changed, but he is the same man at heart.

And he will tell you that he is enjoying himself more to-day than he ever did in the casino resorts of the South of France.

"War broke out and I went broke on the same day," he says with a drawl. "I had enough to live on, but I was bored.

"I knew the world, I thought, yet I have learned more about it in the last few months than I ever did before, even though I explored every capital of the Orient.

"I won and lost fortunes on the tables. I had a yacht. My friends included royalty.

"I could have a commission in a smart Line regiment, but I felt it was time I did something more adventurous—if you like to put it that way.

"I'm forty. I was ready to join the ranks, but they thought I would be useful as an officer. I have handled men, and I think I can do it in the Army style.

"Believe me—this is the greatest gamble of all. I'll be in France—or Norway—before the year is out. . . ."

The rich man who found that elusive something on the bare barrack-square returned to his game of halfpenny pontoon, and had the air of a man winning a fortune when he took fourpence from his neighbour, another adventurer who was a barn-storming air pilot, flying stunt machines over the fair-grounds of the United States when the war started.

He has been a ship's steward, a gold prospector—he struck it rich in Yellowknife, Canada, in 1938, and lost it all—a dockside porter in Cardiff, a policeman in China, a telephone operator in Hawaii, and a movie extra in Hollywood.

"I TOOK life as I found it," he said. "I'd seen something of war in Spain and I'd done some peace time soldiering in South America, and I was eager to see the real thing."

The Army messes of to-day resound with these yarns.

Some of them look at the bare parade grounds, and hear the ceaseless tramp of men, and see before them strange shores and hear the surf beating in remote parts of the world.

They will lead recruits with new sympathy.

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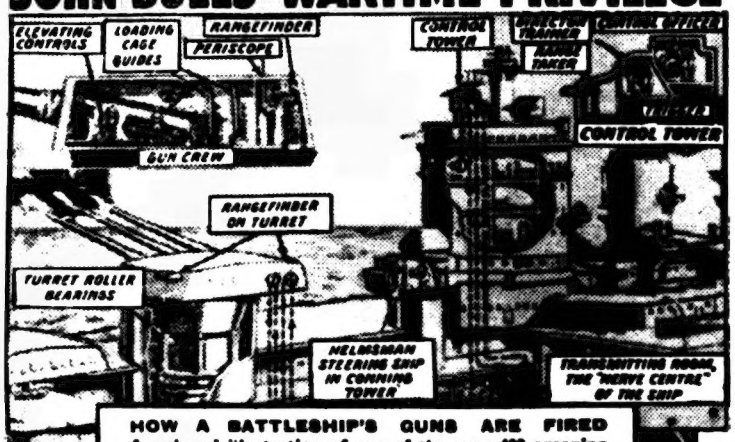

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ALIENS
TAKE NO CHANCES AND
THE NEXT JOB
SONNY'S ON LEAVE, SO
HIS DUTY
GAVE US A THRILL
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT
SUNK
BRAVE WORDS
LIFE IN WAR-TIME
WITH THE B.E.F.

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UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS.—Prepaid Entry Vouchers at 6d. each are now obtainable from JOHN BULL in batches of 5 for 2s. 6d. P.O.—or 10 for 5s. P.O. No less than 20 per cent. of amount you pay for these Vouchers is refunded to you in FREE National Savings Stamps. Application may be enclosed with *Bullets* or Crossword entry.

ENTER on SQUARES BELOW for "John Bull's" ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

WIN £25 WEEKLY for LIFE

INCREASED PENSION FOR JOHN BULL'S X-WORD £300

£100 Cash Between IV Runners-up and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd Runners-up each exchangeable for 4 SAVINGS STAMPS

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS.

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, May 25.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be firmly affixed to one separate piece of paper. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 6; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 203, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. It may possibly be full of runners
2. Good one has attractive lines
4. One can do a great deal of carpentry without ever needing to use this
5. Strict father will probably be annoyed if he finds kiddy using his
9. Great singer's voice is confident and this
10. It wouldn't be suitable to drive up to an important function in an old one
14. It's not uncommon to see one on van in busy parts
15. Such a concert item is rather apt to bore people if it's uninteresting
16. Valuable information has been given away by sending careless letters in this

DOWN CLUES

1. When making contract for new swimming pool this might have to be considered
2. Even really bad one won't upset average kiddy for long
3. Parliamentary candidate's influence is shown in this
6. Will often be found attached to radio set
7. Good one shows considerable interest
8. Can be very useful to poultry farmer
10. Defending counsel may be one of the most important figures in a big one
11. Careful housewife won't throw away a good one
12. It's easier to trace details if this is sharp
13. Experienced old tramp can always tell a good one

SEND COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. (or Stamps on separate paper) for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 203, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, MAY 25.

P.O. Value ..... No. .....

Don't omit to complete Label below.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 200.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 200, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious list of Answers for one Square (see on right) was the following competitor:—

A. BOLDEN, 10a, Barnard Gardens, New Malden, Surrey.

This competitor will receive 20s. Weekly for Life and £100, or a lump sum of £400 cash.

Awards of 10-in-1 Luxury Casts have been won by 17 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 135 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, and every prize-winner will receive War Savings Bonus as announced.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. FINE or FIVE. 5. LOAD. 8. SWING. 9. LESS. 10. HILL. 15. PACT. 18. DOE. 19. COST. 20. SOLO. 21. HUGS.
DOWN.—1. FILLER. 2. NIL. 3. LID. 4. ROLLS. 7. SPARE. 8. WAY. 16. CAD. 17. SHAPE or SHAVE. 18. STAFF. 19. WORDS. 14. SLY. 18. DASH. 17. REEL.

Full reasons for Committee's Findings appear in "Crossword Gazette." To secure your FREE COPY use address label on right.

F	I	N	E		L	O	A	D		H				
I		C		S	W	I	N	G		S	O			
L	E	S	S			D			H	I	L	L		
E		P		W		M	A		A	D				
S	T	A	R	A	C	E		S	Y					
		E	R		Y	A	M		H	I	S			
W	A	K	E	S		D		P	A	C	T			
O	R		L		D			A						
R		E	Y	N		A	L	E	A	P				
D	O	E		C	O	S	T		E	F				
S	O	L	O			H	U	G	S					

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square shown. Two blank spaces indicate that at these points FIRE or FIVE and SHAPE or SHAVE were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £250 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

FREE GAZETTE & BULLETIN — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 8, you must affix 1d. stamp for postage on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR POSTAGE

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EVERY GOOD WIFE KNOWS BY NOW . . .

it's easier, quicker to get Persil whiteness with New Persil

HAVEN'T you noticed it yourself — the way Persil whiteness stands right out? It really does make other washing look sorry for itself. And it's so very easy and so quick to get Persil whiteness — with the new Persil.

It is the oxygen in Persil — the sud-energizing oxygen — which accounts for the whiteness Persil gives, the gentleness with which it gives it. Oxygen searches out the dirt, shifts the stains, dissolves the grease — gives perfect whiteness because it gives perfect cleanliness.

No matter how you wash — by boiling, soaking or non-boiling — you are going to get the best results with Persil. For your white wash, for your fine wash — the silks, the coloureds, the woollens and the precious flimsy fabrics — you'll find nothing better, nothing safer than Persil.

NO MIXING—*easier wash*
Easier and quicker too. Just shake enough Persil on the water to give a deep foamy Persil lather when you swish with your hand.

EXTRA LATHER—*for fine wash*
A lather so fine that it works its way through every stitch, gently, thoroughly. And with a squeeze or two all the dirt comes sliding out.

PREVENTS SCUM—*quicker rinsing*
No trouble with scum now—not even in hard water. No clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out.

★ ★

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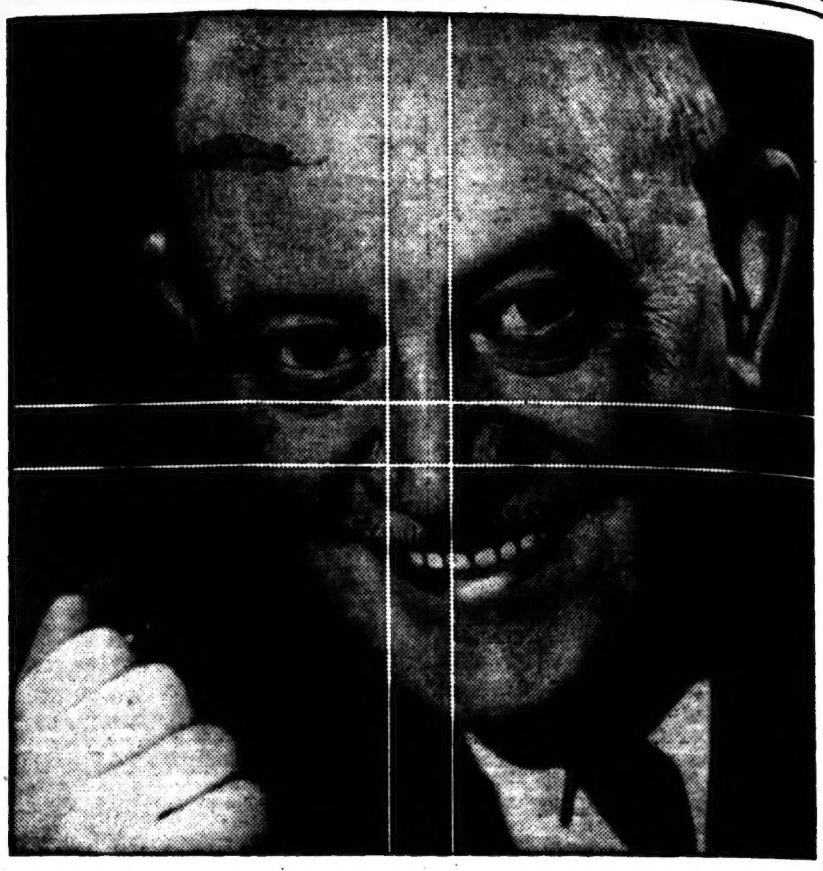

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I tell all my Four Square customers the same, Sir. It's lucky for them that tobacco is taxed on *weight* and not on *quality* or *value*. So that a first-class tobacco like Four Square pays no more duty than the cheapest brand on the market. In fact, Four Square is now more than ever the best value for money.

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Curlies (Purple)	1/5 PER OZ.	Ripe Brown (Brown)	1/5 PER OZ.
Mixture—Original (Blue)	1/9 PER OZ.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red)	1/9 PER OZ.
„ —Medium Light (Blue)	1/9 PER OZ.	„Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	1/9 PER OZ.

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